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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

#### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

*English Etymologies.* By H. Fox Talbot, Esq. 8vo.  
J. Murray.

This is the most interesting work on the derivation of the English language which has appeared for many years; and perhaps the most entertaining that has ever been published on the subject. Its author, we need hardly say, is one whose high scientific attainments have made a name, always honourable, still more widely known throughout Europe. So rare, unfortunately, is it for Englishmen, however deep and brilliant their acquirements in all other studies may be, to feel the same interest in, or pay the same critical attention to, the history and structure of their own mother-tongue, of which they deem almost any other language dead or living to be worthy, that such a book, from such an author, is doubly welcome. As an etymologist, Mr. Talbot's great merit is to be of no party—to think for himself, and to take a more comprehensive view of his subject than is at all usual. He scorns to yield to the tyrannous sway of Horne Tooke, the evil genius of English etymology; unlike the Richardsons, the Sullivans, and other willing slaves to that unscrupulous dictator, he is not to be dazzled by false Gothic, and falser Anglo-Saxon; declines to be bullied by dauntless assertions, and virulent abuse or ridicule; and will not allow his better judgment to be overwhelmed by chapters of specious reasoning, or clouds of fanciful analogies and irrelevant quotations. In choosing an authority to trust—for he does not, like the fierce Diverter of Purley, anathematise all who have gone before and all who differ from him, and set himself up as the only master of language who has known or said any thing right about English etymology—Mr. Talbot has shewn a wise discretion. This guide, whom his preface truly pronounces to be "a remarkably acute philologer," and to whom we must take the opportunity of doing justice, as far as a few words from us may avail, is Mr. Thomson. His work, *Etymons of English Words*,<sup>\*</sup> published 21 years ago, deserves, indeed, higher praise than that bestowed on it in the same place, as "a *multum in parvo* of great utility." Making allowance for the very imperfect state of Anglo-Saxon knowledge at a time when Mr. Thorpe had not yet taught us the correct elements of the language, nor Mr. Kemble guided us through the dim and tangled wilds of its poetic dialect, Mr. Thomson's views of English etymology are the soundest, the most rational, and the most clear-sighted with which we are acquainted. And yet his book appears to be but little used or quoted, while Tooke's crotches, and falsehoods, and blunders meet one at every turn; and where his principles are not openly professed and defended, their evil influence may be too often detected. We therefore hail Mr. Talbot's example as both praiseworthy in itself, and as a good omen for the future; and whatever errors may, as we shall see, be pointed out in his analysis of particular words, this general praise—no trifling one—must be his: he knows whose guidance to avoid, and where he follows any leading, whose to embrace. Where his notions are, as we think we can prove them to be now and then, somewhat fanciful, they are at least his own, and do not spring from servile attachment to the baseless theories of another. His

arguments are usually learned, almost always ingenious; his analogies often striking, generally plausible; while having, by the free arrangement of his materials and his lively style, entirely avoided "the dry aspect of a dictionary," he is, even when discussing subjects too often thought dull and unattractive, and too often made so by their mode of treatment, always entertaining. On the other hand, his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, the source of fifteen-twentieths of our present language, does not seem equal to the task of throwing much new light upon this large class of English words; and accordingly, having the choice of his subjects—for he presents his readers with a miscellaneous selection, classed in no regular order—he will be found to pay most attention to derivations from other quarters, and to dwell more upon Greek and Latin, Celtic and Spanish, than upon Anglo-Saxon and Gothic affinities. This is the more to be regretted, as Anglo-Saxon, which ought to be the stronghold of our native etymologists, is, strange to say, commonly their weakest point; so that many words which admit of a very simple Anglo-Saxon explanation, either remain to this day untraced, or have been referred to a wrong origin. There is now, however, every reason to hope that, mainly through the untiring exertions of the two leaders of our small band of earnest Saxon students,<sup>†</sup> and the valuable services of the *Ælfric Society*, the tide has at length fairly turned, and is now setting steadily toward that more perfect acquaintance with the history, language, and literature of our forefathers, which alone can clear up the pedigree, and make us feel the value of many a good and true English word.

Mr. Talbot moreover, to return to him, is, as will soon appear, over-fond of a certain theory of double roots, which, however true to a very limited extent, is here pushed beyond all reasonable bounds; and is in general, without a joke, too much given to radical reform in etymology, sometimes incurring the serious charge of being a philological "rooter," who cannot find in his heart to let well alone. To begin then with one or two direct proofs, and others will come out incidentally, that in the way of *Anglo-Saxon* derivation, little or nothing must be expected from the "Etymons":

"*Down, downwards, down.* I find the following in Armstrong's *Gaelic Dictionary*:—It is most worthy of remark, that in all languages *dun* signifies 'height.' The little word *down*, however, comes most unluckily to contradict this proposition. The learned editor of Horne Tooke's work contends (p. xxiii.), that *down* and *downwards* really come from the Anglo-Saxon *dun*, a hill. Minshew, Junius, and Skinner derive the word from the Greek *δύνη*, to descend: *ex. gr. δύναι δόνον Αἴδης εἰσω.*<sup>†</sup> But this etymology is also exposed to numerous objections." More than one hundred and fifty pages further on, for there are often here several distinct articles on the same word, we find:—" *Down* and *downward*. Generally derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Dune*, hill: an opinion which, though ingeniously supported, is encumbered with great difficulties. In particular the word 'downward'

ought to mean 'hill-ward,' that is, 'upward.' I rather believe that *down* is the Breton word *dûn* (dûn), in Welsh *dwfn*.<sup>†</sup> We once thought that Mr. R. Taylor had spent more time and trouble than was needful to prove to any reasonable man the almost palpable fact that our *a-down*, *down-down*, are simply and merely the Anglo-Saxon *dûn-dûn*, *a-dûn* (a-dûn), *a-dûn-ward*—that is, *off-down*, *off-hill*, *from-hill*, *down-hill*, like the German *berg-ab*, which transposes the noun and the preposition.<sup>†</sup> But it must be owned that we were wrong, and that this sound scholar acted with wise forethought in heaping up arguments and quotations (of which Mr. Talbot gives one out of about a dozen and a half) from Anglo-Saxon and old English works, and from Grimm, to which he might have added Rask. One might have wished to see more of Tooke's glaring errors and audacious misstatements as thoroughly demolished by his able editor; but to convey the antidote with the bane in every case, would need a volume almost as large as the *Divisions of Purley* itself. We wonder, by the way, whether after Mr. Taylor's second exposure, Mr. Richardson retains in the last edition of his *English Dictionary* the Tookian "Abuta, onbata, onboda and boda." With regard to the perverse derivation of *down* no more need be said; those whom Mr. Taylor's arguments and proofs fail to convince, we cannot hope to move. To another error, however, connected with the same word, it may be worth while to give more space.

"*Town, Gaelic Dun*, a hill—a fortified hill—a fortress. Hence the names of cities, Noviodunum (*g. d. Newtown, Newton*); Augustodunum, now *Autun*; *Lugdunum, Lyons*, &c. And in England *London*, *Huntingdon*, *Farrington*, &c., together with names ending in *ton* innumerable. But according to this etymology a town must have been originally rather an *Akropolē* than a *Πόλις*. In Scotland the term *Dun* precedes the name, as *Dun-edin*, or *Edinburgh*, &c. As this is the very same wrong notion as that into which a correspondent<sup>‡</sup> of ours some time ago seems to have been led by *Richards's Welsh Dictionary*, it may be as well to quote part of the reply of another correspondent, which sets the matter in its true light. After remonstrating against "our words *down* and *town*, the *-don* and *-ton* of local names, being indiscriminately referred to the same origin, and that a Celtic one," the writer proceeds:—"Now the Anglo-Saxons had two distinct words, never seemingly interchanged—*dún*, a down or hill, and *tún*, an enclosure, &c., whence our *downs* and *tons*: *Snowdún* (Snowdon), *Cingestún* (Kingston), for instance; though we have sometimes confounded them, having made in one case *Bampton*, in another *Bindon*, from the single form *Beámduñ*.<sup>§</sup> The word *dun* seems to have been common both to the Celtic and Gothic tongues, and is found in Sanscrit; doubtless the Anglo-Saxons found plenty of *-dunes* and *-dunums* ready made to their hands in Britain. *Tún* meant originally an enclosure of any kind

<sup>\*</sup> This is Lye's notion: "Non male refers ad *Arma* *dum* *profundus*."

<sup>†</sup> See the valuable additional notes to his last edition of the *Divisions of Purley*, p. xxiii.—xxvii.

<sup>‡</sup> See the letter of "A Constant Reader," on the word "Tin" on a British coin, in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1373.

<sup>§</sup> *Down*, as a local termination, has in one case at least sprung from a different corruption. *Sandown* in the Isle of Wight was formerly *Sandham*, as all old maps, &c. bear witness; and the *sand* *Sandown*, for it is a common coast name, may have had the same origin. Our English *downs* are substantial hills of stone, chalk, and earth, and not like the German and Low Country *dünen*, *daines*, and *dunes*, mere heaps and wastes of sand, "the undigested vomit of the sea."

\* "By the late John Thomson, M.R.I. and A.S., private secretary to the Marquis of Hastings in India." Edinburgh and London, 1836.

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(*ty'nan* was to enclose), afterwards a *farm*, then a *village*, and at length what we now call a *town*. This may still be traced in other Teutonic dialects; the German *zaun* is a *hedge*, the Dutch *tuin* a *hedge* or any *enclosure*, but especially a *garden*. In our own country, *tūn* for a long time meant at the utmost a *village*, generally only a *farm*: 'tān-gerefa' (lit. *town-reeve*) was the Anglo-Saxon translation 'vīlicus' a *land-steward*. In various passages in the Gospels the Anglo-Saxon version has 'tūn,' and the old English ones 'toun,' where we now read 'farm,' 'country,' 'piece of ground,' 'fields.' Chaucer's 'persones of a toun,' was a *country parson*, or *curé de village*. It would be rash to affirm that *dun* and *tun* may not have had a common root in some far-distant eastern soil; but for the purpose of English etymology they should not be confounded."\* Now, the obvious difference between *dun* and *tūn*, *down* and *town*, has been made still plainer; Mr. Talbot's statement will need but few words. That *Noviodunum* is not *New-town* is much clearer than M. Salverte's explanation of what it really is;† nor must any of the -duns or -dunums, Gallic, or British, or Roman—either of the two, be confounded with our "tūns innumerable." How *towns* often arose on *duns* is plain enough from Mr. Talbot's "hill—fortified hill—fortress;" first *akra*, then *akronoūs*, has, in all troubled times, been the natural progress. *Town*, as we have seen, had a more peaceful lowland origin: at first a mere fenced piece of ground for farming, it may, of course, in time have become a "fenced city;" but its very physical position forbade its ever rising above a *polis* into an *acro-polis*, notwithstanding Mr. Talbot's repeated assertion, in another page, that "town (in Gael. *dun*) was originally a *fortified hill*, or an *acropolis*." Whether A.-S. *burl*, Ger. *burg*, *borough*, *bury*, *town*, were ever the same as *beorh* and *berg*, *barrow*, *hill*, *mountain*, as suggested by him and others, is at least doubtful, and does not now concern us; anyhow, for A.-S., English, and Teutonic etymological purposes they must, like *down* and *town*, be carefully distinguished. They have, however, unluckily been quite as often confounded in our local nomenclature; thus, *Ingleborough*, as Mr. Talbot truly says, "ought to be written *Inglebarrow*." The same applies to many other names of places, including *Woodnes-borough* in Kent, and *Wednesday* in Staffordshire; both, by the way, like *Godesberg* in Germany, "high places," once sacred to, and named from, "Woden, god of war."

"To *strut*. A good many of our verbs are metaphors, taken from the habits of different animals; for instance, to *quail* (from the habits of that bird. 'And thu schalt mak him cowche;‡ as doth a quaille.'—*Relig. Antiq.* p. 69.); to *havock*, from the A.-S. *hafoc*, *hauk*, the destruction caused by that bird was by a bold and just metaphor transferred to other kinds of calamity and ruin; to *caper* (to be frolicksome as a kid. 'Similem ludere capreæ.'—*Hor.*); and also to *duck*, to *rat*, to *ferret* a thing out, to *dog* a person's footsteps. One of the most curious of these derivations is the verb to *sneak*, from the habits of the *snake*, which insinuates itself, or *sneaks* in and out through the smallest crevices." Against *caper*, *rat*, *ferret* (the French, too, say *furere*, from *fure*), *dog*, and *sneak*, nothing need be said. To these Mr. Talbot adds, farther on, "to worm one's way," and "to ape;" the French say *singer*, and the Germans *äffen*; we subjoin to *hound* and to *hunt*, from the A.-S. *hund* *hound*, *dog*, and *hunian* to *hunt*. *Quail*, whatever be the habits of that bird, never a common one in England, and surely other birds and beasts too "couch," is really

the neuter form of *quell* or *kill*; the two A.-S. verbs are *cwealan* to *quell*, *kill*, *destroy*, and *cwealan* (*cwealan*) to *die*, *perish*, *faint*, *quail*. "Jack the Giant-*queller*" is still now and then seen in print; and the Ger. and Dutch *quilen* and *kwellen* are to affect, plague, tease. *Havock* we can only doubt, without being able to suggest any thing more satisfactory; Thomson refers it to the Welsh.

To *duck*, Mr. Talbot derives from the bird; we, on the contrary, would derive the bird from the verb (which is akin to *dip*, *dive*, &c.), relying on the analogy of *diver*, *dabchick*, *didapper* (formerly *dope-dapper*), *daker-hen*, and the like.

But to return to *strut*, which Mr. Talbot thinks "we have taken in a similar way from the habits of the ostrich, called in Lat. *struthio*, Greek *struthus*,"—rather *strouthos*,—"Iral. *struzzo*, Dutch *struis*, Ger. *strauß*. It may be objected that the ostrich was a bird hardly known to our Saxon ancestors. But those ancestors came originally from the East, and had traditions and recollections of their earlier dwelling-place. Witness, for instance, their knowledge of the *camel*, for which they had a very remarkable word in their own language, *viz. oland*. That the ostrich was well known four centuries ago, I need only quote the *Paston Letters* to show, where a lover, giving a description of his intended bride, says, 'She hath ill teeth, and strides like an ostrich.' What the Anglo-Saxons knew of the ostrich, or even what they called it, we cannot say; only the few who visited Rome are likely to have seen it among other outlandish shows there. Because the English knew it well four centuries ago, were the Anglo-Saxons therefore familiar with its habits fourteen centuries ago? Our name for it is plainly but a corruption of the French *astrucho* (now *autruche*), from the Latin *avis struthio*, whence also the Spanish *avestruz*. The A.-S. verb happens to be *thrutian*,\* which, by a process too familiar to our English organs, as will be seen by and by, has been *signalised* to *s-trut*. No analogy could have been more unluckily chosen for Mr. Talbot's purpose than that founded on their name for the *camel*, which really goes to prove their total ignorance of that animal. "They called it," we read, "offend or *ulbend*. It had nearly the same name in old German, *olbent*; and in Meso-Gothic, *ulband*. Now, what was the origin of this peculiar name, so different from the classical term *camelus*? *Olbend* or *ulbend* signifies the animal which *knels*—a striking peculiarity of the camel, who kneels to receive his burden." We may omit Mr. T.'s ingenious arguments in favour of this derivation, and pass on to his "very important conclusion," which ends the volume, by the way. "The old Saxons and Germans must have been well acquainted with the camel and its habits, to have given it such a name. Those who gave it such a name must have lived in Asia—for the camel has never been found in Europe; and thus we are enabled to add one more presumptive proof to those already known of the Asiatic origin of our ancestors." We hope this proof is not absolutely necessary, for one line from a scholar who prefers fact to conjecture, overturns Mr. Talbot's whole fabric: "Olwend, olwend camel; though this word, as well as the Goth. *ulbandus*, signifies correctly not a camel, but an *elephant*." So says Mr. Thorpe, in the glossary to his *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*, a book we had thought every Saxon student was familiar with. Indeed, it is obvious that *ulbandus* is but *elephantus* just Gothicised; and that so far were "the old Saxons and Germans" from being "well acquainted" with the *camel* and its habits, that they blundered about its very name, and called it an *elephant* by mistake!† On the whole, it will, we think, be allowed that the treasure-guarding, fire-breathing *draca* or *dragon* slain by the hero *Beowulf* and his faithful friend, affords, both in his

name and in his nature, a safer argument for eastern tradition among our Saxon forefathers than either Mr. Talbot's strutting bird or his kneeling beast.

Of an important class of Anglo-Saxon feminine nouns of action,\* from which are sprung many English words ending in *ster*, we learn no more from the *Etymologies* than that the surnames Baxter, Webster, and Brewster, are "old names for a baker, a weaver, and a brewer." As our readers were formally introduced to most of these venerable dames a few years ago,† they need not long occupy our attention now. Some of them died many years back, at very advanced ages; while others, such as the southern *Malsters*, *Whitsters*, *Hucksters*, and *silk-Throwsters*, and the northern *Baxters*, *Websters*, and *Brewsters*, have changed their sex, as old hens-peasants are said to do. One alone, blessed with endless youth and never-fading charms, still lives in her own proper shape, and will live while the English tongue lasts; and *Spinster*, as if the only truly undying one of the *Weird Sisters*, yet spins the thread of fate for many a mortal man. Our modern degenerate *Rimesters*, puny *Whipsters*, dull *Punsters*, cunning *Tricksters*, and jogging *Roasters*, are of both sexes: *Lobsters*,‡ while alive, wearing blue jackets and blue stockings, are both male and female; when boiled, however, they become "red soldiers," and of course altogether masculine. *Songsters* should be feminine, though male birds only sing. Of the remaining score or two of surnames sprinkled up and down these pages, many were really hardly worth inserting. Mr. Talbot cannot be so familiar with Mr. Lower's *Essays* as our readers are; he would there have found, for instance, a full and accurate account of the patronymics, or *sire-names*, of which he gives a few very commonplace specimens; there, too, he would have seen that *Massinger* is not "mass-singer," nor *Landseer*, "French *lancier*, a lancer," and that *Butler* has no more to do with "A.-S. *bot-werd*," than *Spenser* has with "Latin *panis*, bread." *Butler* is not given as a surname, however, but both it and *Spenser* stand as examples of the double-root theory. About *Fairfax*, *Blunt*, *Summer*, *Cramer*, *Malthus*, &c., *Halliday*, *Stewart*, *Sinclair*, *Seymour*, *Milner*, and *Akerman*, the *Etymologies* tell us nothing new.

[To be continued.]

#### ROXBURGH BALLADS.

*A Book of Roxburgh Ballads.* Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. [Old-fashioned 4to.] Longmans, PAYNE COLLIER, one of the most diligent and indefatigable of our literary antiquaries—he who would spend a month to investigate a sleeve-button supposed to have been Shakspeare's—is the first Grub (we hope he will not take the epithet in a sense contrary to its complimentary meaning) to make a public revel on the kernels collected by John the Book-Duke of Roxburgh. In doing so he has shewn himself a Grub of taste, care, and ability. The nuts are good nuts in their way; but some of them are naught, and others empty; and it required discrimination to pick out a sample of the best, and knowledge and judgment to produce them in the most acceptable manner. This, it appears to us, Mr. Collier has done. He has inspected the three immense folios of the store; and out of some nine hundred or a thousand black-letter broadsides, with a few additions from his own portfolio, selected this volume of general interest. It is not pretended to be of a high poetical order; but it affords pictures of common feelings and national manners which never fail to please, and characteristic glimpses at other things, which will tell with relish so long as human nature is human nature. Some of the Ballads are very rare, or

\* See the Letter of "B. A., Oxon," in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1377.

† *Essai sur les Noms d'Hommes, de Peuples, et de Lieux, etc.*, par Eusebe Salverte, t. ii. p. 283. Mr. Talbot's derivation of *Milan* (p. 54 of the *Etymologies*) will be found in a shorter and more satisfactory shape in the same volume, p. 279.

‡ This one passage seems to have suggested another of the *Etymologies*, viz. to *crouch* (p. 26): *crouch* is obviously a mere variety of *crook*, as *watch* is of *wake*, *twitch* of *tweak*,

\* See Homilies of *Ælfric*, published by the *Ælfric Society*, vol. ii. p. 168.

† We know of but one printed instance of the word *camel* in Anglo-Saxon, viz. in part of the Northumbrian *Gloss*, given in the *Analecta A.-Saxonica*, 2d ed. p. 129.

\* See Rask's A.-S. Grammar, p. 104; Vernon's Guide to the A.-S. Tongue, p. 66; and Lower's Essays on English Surnames, 2d edition, p. 95.

† See the Letter of "B. A., Oxon," *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1343, p. 714, 1842.

‡ A.-S. masculine *loppa*, *leaper*, *flea*; feminine *lopstire*, *leapster*, *lobster*, *locust*.

unique; and it is worthy of remark, not only as regards ballads, but all other ancient productions, that their scarcity seems to be in an inverse ratio to their original quantity or multitude. Where tens of thousands of any publication were sold, in many instances not one can be found remaining to reward the painstaking of the most anxious explorer; but where only a limited number was circulated, you will, in all probability, discover specimens in cabinets and other depositories throughout the country. Less than fifty years ago, 40,000 horn-books for children were annually distributed over England by one publishing house; a reward of 400,000*l.* could not now bring forty of them to light! We do not know where four—where one could be procured, as a specimen of that immense issue. Had there never been more than a hundred of these A B C boards, with horn protectionist faces, in the world, we have no doubt but a fourth of them would be forthcoming, from one hole and corner or another, at this good day. But to return to the ballad lore.

Mr. Collier thinks it likely that very few ballads existed before the time of Edward VI.; and agrees with Ritson, that the oldest printed specimen known to be extant is probably that on the Downfall of Thomas Lord Cromwell in 1540, reprinted by Percy in his *Ancient Songs*. They must, however, as he states, have been sung about the town and country before the Reformation; and in 1537 a man of the name of John Hogan was arrested for amusing the people in various places by a political ballad: he had offended against the proclamation of 1533, which was issued to suppress 'fond books, ballads, rhymes, and other lewd treatises in the English tongue.' Ten years afterwards it was deemed necessary to pass an act of parliament in order, among other things, to put a stop to the circulation of 'printed ballads, plays, rhymes, songs, and other fantasies,' so that the multiplication of them by the press was then considered an evil requiring the intervention of the legislature, although only a single broadside of about that date has been handed down to us.

Though damped in the time of Mary, ballad-writing multiplied and flourished in later years; and, under Elizabeth, James, and the two Charles's, was as common as cheap publications are now, though copies sold at the costly price (considering the relative value of money) of one penny. But what is yet more remarkable, during the most puritanical period of the Commonwealth they were the popular rage. The theatres were shut up, and as the million must be amused or occupied some way or other, either with what is bad or good, injurious or beneficial, the people took to the ballad-singers, and the Catnachs of the age were the most eminent and memorable publishers. In this way it is to be presumed that many pieces of elder dates, and some preserved in MSS., were printed, together with the novelties, to adorn the Elizabethan era.

Robert Langham, who wrote his 'Letter from Kenilworth' in the autumn of 1575, has left behind him in it a goodly list of works of romance and drollery then in circulation, including a bundle of ballads, 'fair wrapped up in parchment and bound with a whalecord.' these, he tells us, were 'all ancient,' meaning perhaps to refer to a date when such publications had been forbidden. He supplies some of the titles; and others are enumerated by one of the characters in the old interlude by W. Wager, 'The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art,' printed without date, but after Langham's tract. Few of these have survived; and until not far from the close of the reign of Elizabeth, broadsides cannot be said to have been at all numerous."

Two of the ballads mentioned by Wager are the same as those specified in Langham's tract, viz. 'Brome, Brome on Hill,' and 'By a Banke az I lay,' but *Moros*, the Vice in the play, sings about others; among which are "Tom o' Lin," "Martin Swart and his Man, Sodledum, Sodledum," and "There was a Mayde came out of Kent," &c.

Probably few of these old affairs have been *altogether lost*. New versions moulded by circumstances, alterations made by time, and corruptions by copying, parodies, and other causes and vicissitudes have wrought the changes; but

"You may break, you may shatter the vase as you will,  
The scent of the roses will hang round it still."

We could, for instance, cite from the Scottish Borders a song, which we may judge from the rhythm, to the tune of "There was a Mayde in Kent," and with words nearly similar, only converted into grossness: and we notice the curious fact from the distance and strangeness of the locality, which should transport the south of England ballad to the far north, where never

"There lived a maid in Kent,  
Kiss," &c. &c.

This fact, however, seems to avouch the very great popularity of these compositions; and the ludicrous indecency to which we have referred was, in all likelihood, a perverse burlesque in that part of the island upon a southern favourite. The Marches had little sympathy with Kent.

Mr. Collier's ably annotated volume begins with "Death's Dance," a theme so universally popular in poetry and painting, the black joke of mediæval and later moralities; and he goes on to present us with between fifty and sixty other and various ballads, of which we trust the following notice may suffice to recommend the work to all lovers of this kind of literature. "Christmas's Lamentation" is in a singular measure (and truly many of these compositions are worthy of consideration in this respect), and some of it might be sung in 1847. Thus:

"Pride and luxury they doe devoure,  
Doe devoure, doe devoure, doe devoure,  
house-keeping quite;  
And beggery that doth beget,  
Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget,  
in many a knight.  
Madam, forsooth, in her coach must wheele,  
Although she wear her hose out at heele,  
Welladay!  
And on her back weare that for a weed,  
Which me and all my fellowes would feed.  
Welladay! welladay! welladay!  
where should I stay?"

Since pride came up with the yellow starch,  
Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch,  
poore folkes doe want,  
And nothing the rich men will to them give,  
To them give, to them give, to them give,  
but doth remeant;  
For charity from the country is fed,  
And in her place hath wrought left but need;  
Welladay!  
And corne is growne to so high a price  
It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes,  
Welladay! welladay! welladay!  
where should I stay?"

The excellent ballad of "Ragged, and Torne, and True" is, perhaps, too well known to be quoted, but it possesses much spirit; it concludes (and the words will remind readers of much more modern compositions):

"Tis good to be honest and just,  
though a man be never so poor;  
False dealers are still in mistrust,  
th're afraid of the officers doore:  
Their conscience doth them accuse,  
and they quake at the noise of a bush,  
While he that doth no man abuse,  
for the law needs not a rish.  
Then welfare the man that can say,  
I pay every man his due:  
Although I go poore in array,  
I me ragged, and torne, and true."

"Few Words are best" is another of the same kidney; and the everlasting return of the refrain line tells wonderfully well. We mark a few of the verses:

"It is an old saying  
that few words are best,  
And he that says little  
shall live most at rest;  
And I by experience  
doe finde it right so,  
Therefore Ile spare speech,  
but I know what I know.  
Yet you shall perceive well,  
though little I say,  
That many enormities  
I will display:

You may guesse my meaning  
by that which I shew :  
I will not tell all,  
but I know what I know.

There be some great climbers  
compos'd of ambition,  
To whom better-borne men  
doe bend with submission.  
Proud Lucifer climbing  
was cast very low ;  
Hee not stay these men,  
but I know what I know.

There be many foxes  
that goe on two legges,  
They steale greater matters  
then cocks, hennes, and egges :  
To catch many gules  
in sheepe cloathing they goe ;  
They might be destroy'd,  
but I know what I know.

There be many men  
that devotion pretend,  
And make us beleve  
that true faith they'd defend ;  
Three times in one day  
to church they will goe :  
They cozen the world,  
but I know what I know.

There be many rich men,  
both yeomen and gentry,  
That for their owne private gaine  
hurt whole countries,  
By closing free commers,  
yet they're make as though  
Twere for common good ;  
but I know what I know.  
\* \* \* \* \*

There be many officers,  
men of great place,  
To whom if one sue  
for their favour and grace,  
He must bribe their servants,  
while they make as though  
They know no such thing ;  
but I know what I know.

There be many women  
that seeme very pure,  
A kiss from a stranger  
they're hardly endure ;  
They are like Lucretia,  
modest in shew :  
I will accuse none,  
but I know what I know.

There be many gallants  
that goe in gay rayment,  
For which the taylor  
did never receive payment :  
They ruffle it out  
with a gorgeous shew.  
Some take them for knights,  
but I know what I know.

There's many, both women  
and men, that appearre  
With beautifull outsides,  
the world's eyes to bleare ;  
But all is not gold  
that doth glister in shew :  
They are fine with a fox,  
but I know what I know.

There's many rich tradesmen  
who live by deceit,  
And in weight and measure  
the poore they doe cheat :  
They're not swaere an oath,  
but, indeed, I, and no,  
They truly protest ;  
but I know what I know.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I know where be many  
will carpe at this balet,  
Because it is like  
sowre sawee to their pallet ;  
But he, she, or they,  
let me tell ere I goe,  
If they speake against this song,  
I know what I know."

We fear this will not possess much novelty for our archaeological readers; but for the generality, we think "We know what we know."

A very remarkable epitaph on Bishop Jewell, who died in 1571, has got among these broadsides. It is a pious testimony to his virtues, but the language stretches to what would appear very irreverent in our more sedate and refined period. It concludes :

"Alas! with piteous mone  
all Christians now maye weape,  
That wee have such a shepard gone :  
God helpe the seli sheepe !

Methinkes, I see in heaven  
triumphant Truth appear,  
And Faythfulness, which speake alowde,  
Let Juell nowe come neare.

Th' appostelles all do please,  
methinkes, to see his face ;  
And all the angelis go about  
to bring him to his place :

Even Christ himselfe, me thinkes,  
I see begins to smile,  
And saith, Beholde my chosen frend,  
I lookte for all this while.

And Abraham rendes his clothes,  
and bowells out his brest,  
And sayth to Juell, Junpe in here,  
and take thy quiet rest."

"The Praise of Nothing" is a playful *jeu d'esprit*,  
as two or three stanzas may shew :

"The praise of wisdom some doe write,  
and some of money,  
And every one, like bees to th' hive,  
from something gather hon' :  
But if my genius doe not faile  
To prompt me, ere I end my tale  
You'll find that Nothing will prevale ;  
for all must turne to Nothing.

In heat of war Nothing is safe ;  
in peace Nothing respected,  
But ill got wealth, which to procure  
no vice at all's neglected.  
The sonne doth wish his father's end,  
That he may have his wealth to spend ;  
But let such lads their manners mend,  
or all will come to Nothing.

Nothing is safe by sea or land,  
nor alwaies free from danger,  
Which is committed to the trust  
of either friend or stranger ;  
For Nothing in the world remaines,  
But for their private ends or gaines  
They ha'nt, although they break their brains,  
or bring themselves to Nothing.

When earth-wormes spend their dayes in care,  
and nere can rest in quiet,  
Nor with the feare to lose their gold  
have time to sleepe or dyet ;  
But with a sad and pensive minde  
Still studying how the poore to grinde,  
Until at last with sorrow finde  
themselves turn'd to Nothing.

And thus you now have heard the praise  
Of Nothing, worth a penny,  
Which as I stand to sing here now  
I hope will yeld me many ;  
But that priue be held too deare,  
Or any mislike this counsell haue,  
He may depart with a fle in's eare,  
for I will give him Nothing."

"Sack for my Money" is curious, for giving the prices of wine, and the names of wines most drunk in the time of James I. Sparkling sack at 1s. 6d. a-quart; rich Malligo, Brandewine, Alligant, gay Rhenish, 12 pence ; Canary, pure French wine, 7d. ; Sherry and Claret, as if the latter were different from the French wines.

London cries about the same period are repeated in another ballad ; and another notices the topography of the metropolis on many curious points. Of the former the following are passages :

"The fish-wife first begins,  
Any muscles lily white !  
Herrings, sprats or place,  
or cockles for delight.  
Anye welift oysters :  
Then she doth change her note :  
She had need to have her tongue be greas'd,  
for she rattles in the throat.  
For why, the are but Kentish,  
to tell you out of doubt,  
Her measure is too little ;  
goe, beat the bottom out.  
Half a peck for two pence ?  
I doubt it is a bodge.  
Thus all the City over  
the people they do dodge.  
• • • • •  
Old shoes for new brooms !  
the broom-man he doth sing,  
For hats, or caps, or buskins,  
or any old pouch ring.  
Buy a mat, a bed-mat !  
a hassock or a presse,  
A cover for a close stool,  
a bigger or a less.  
Ripe, cherry ripe !  
the costermonger cries ;  
Pippins fine, or pears !  
another after hies,

With basket on his head,  
his living to advance,  
And in his purse a pair of dice  
for to play at mumchance.

Hot pippin pies !  
to sell unto my friends,  
Or pudding pies in pans,  
well stuff with candles ends.  
Will you buy any milk ?  
I heard a wench that cries :  
With a pale of fresh cheese and cream,  
another after hies.

Oh ! the wench went neatly ;  
me thought it did me good,  
to see her sherry cheeks  
so dimpled out with blood.  
Her waistcoat was red white  
as any lilly flower ;  
Would I had time to talk with her  
the space of half an hour.

Buy black ! saith the blacking man,  
the best that e're was seen ;  
Tis good for poore citizens  
to make their shoes to shine.  
Oh ! tis a rare commodity,  
it must not be forgot ;  
It wil make them to glister gallantly ;  
and quickly make them rot.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Buy a trap, a mouse trap,  
a torment for the fleas !  
The hangman works but half the day,  
he lies too much at ease.  
Come let us leave this boye's play  
and idle prattle prat,  
And let us go to nine holes,  
to spurn-point, or to cat.

Oh ! you nimble fingered lads  
that live upon your wits,  
Take heed of Tyburn ague,  
for they be dangerous fits ;  
For many a proper man,  
for to supply his lack,  
Doth leap a leap at Tyburn,  
which makes his neck to crack.  
And to him that writh this song  
I give this simple lot :  
Let every one a pot,  
to give him half a pot.  
And thus I do conclude,  
wishing both health and peace  
To those that are laid in their bed,  
and cannot sleep for fleas."

The topographical ballad, "The Merry Man's Resolution," we must leave unexamplified ; but we commend it for its peculiar information, and still more "Keep a Good Tongue," as one of the best in the book, to the attention of readers.

A number of antique woodcuts are the fitting embellishments of this very agreeable volume, worthy of a place in every literary library. Of these we give a few on the opposite page as examples :

- No. 1. Adorns the Two Valentines.
2. To Few Words are best.
3. A Norfolk farmer's visit to London, whose relatives there shew him no hospitalities.
4. Will Kemp, the comic performer in some of Shakspere's dramas dancing, as his morris to Norwich.
5. Tailpiece to Bishop Jewell's lament.
6. The wise man of Gotham hedging in the cuckoo.

#### DR. LEPSIUS.

*A Tour from Thebes to the Peninsula of Sinai.* By Professor R. Lepsius, and Translated by C. H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. 18mo, pp. 92. London, J. Petheram.

This little volume is an episode in the learned Professor's Egyptian expedition ; and its pursuit occupied him from the 4th of March to the 14th of April, 1845. In every thing which comes from this source there must be matter of public interest ; and though the offering in the present instance is small, yet the subjects brought forward are of a nature to sustain the character of all the communications from Dr. Lepsius. Our task is the simple one of letting him speak for himself, through his interpreter into the English from the German tongue.

The route taken was by Kenneh into the Wildernes ; and the author informs us :

"We stopped midway at Hamamāt, a distance of two days' journey and a half, where the old quar-

ries of beautiful and valuable *Breccia verde* are situated. These were opened as early as the sixth dynasty of Manetho—more than 3000 years B.C.—and were constantly worked down to the time of the Greeks and Romans. This fact is established by the numerous hieroglyphical and Greek rock-inscriptions, which occupied us here five whole days. The greater part of them were executed by the principal officers of the works, who were directors both of the quarries and mines, and who never failed to notify their visits, and register their orders for commencing fresh operations, by having their acts of adoration and obeisance (*προσκύνησα*) to gods and kings engraven upon the rock. This high office of chief of the works, which in the earliest times was not unfrequently filled by princes, was so strictly hereditary, that one of these engineers, in the time of the Psammetici and Persians, in an inscription at Hamamāt, recorded the names of twenty-three of his ancestors, who had all filled it before him uninterruptedly, and one ancestress at the head of the list, whose pedigrees were complete and without a flaw. We found inscriptions of about forty different kings, most of them with dates, several of whom—for instance, the Persian kings, Cambyses (Kenbut), Darius (Drius), Xerxes (Chachiarach), Artaxerxes (Artecheschesch)—are only met with here, and others who were wholly unknown."

But this curious intelligence is not always attainable without incurring danger ; and we read with some degree of fear the accompanying account of the Professor's personal perils :

"In the mean time I sent on to Cosséir, to order a boat to be forwarded to Gebel Zeit, about seven days' journey in a northerly direction, to convey us by Tûr to the peninsula and then back to Cosséir. We went ourselves on camels to visit the granite quarries of Gebel Fâtîreh (Mons Claudianus), and the splendid porphyry quarries of Gebel Dôchân (Mons Porphyrites), through a high, barren range, almost without signs of vegetation, in which we only found water once in eight days, and then only rainwater, which collects in the clefts of the granite, but fails entirely in dry seasons. In looking for this spring we were in the greatest peril we had hitherto encountered in our Egyptian tour. One day's journey before we reached it, we had ridden on, as usual, before the caravan, with the guide, who towards evening completely lost himself in the mountain range, which is full of valleys and ravines. Our scanty daily ration, consisting of four biscuits and a flask of water, which ought only to have lasted from our coffee in the morning to our evening dish of rice, had long been exhausted, and we were obliged to pass the night without bread and water, away from the caravan, on the sand, under the canopy of heaven. Next morning, the guide, who could never find his way back into the right track, led us by different circuitous roads through a desert, without a tree to shade us, water, or pathway, and at last deserted us in a mountainous country, without a house within a distance of several days' journey. When we got to the bottom of a very precipitous ledge of rock, I sent him on to the next turn in search of water ; but he did not come back the whole morning, and the probability was that he had met with an accident, or perhaps played us some slippery trick out of sheer mental anxiety. Unwilling as I was to believe either the one or the other, I should have waited in the same spot to the last extremity, thinking it foolhardy, having once lost our way, to attempt to proceed further in this mountain country without any other guide than the stars. At last, however, fortunately for us all, I yielded to the wishes of the rest of the party, and set off about mid-day. We took the guide's camel with us, intending to go in search of two Arab huts, which we had seen the previous day, fifteen or twenty miles off, between the hills, the only dwellings we had met with throughout our tour. Owing to the wrong roads we had taken in the night, with nothing but the



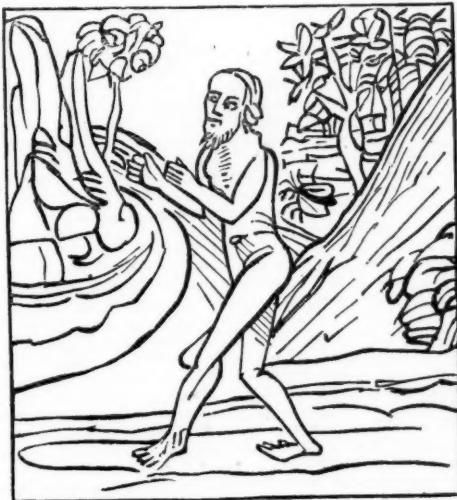
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No. 5.



No. 3.



No. 6.

stars to direct us, there was very little probability of finding them again. Of the caravan, and whether they had found water, we knew nothing at all; there was only one Arab with it who had been here before, and that but once, twenty-one years ago, and it was twelve years since our lost guide had been here. We were rescued from our critical situation in a most wonderful manner. We had ridden on from the stony ravine into a more extensive valley, and following this, in about an hour's time met with two Arabs on camels, whom our Turkish *kavass* had luckily sent after us into the higher mountains, after having fired away all his powder, and lighted fires on the hill-tops in vain the night before. They brought us bread and water; and the expressions of real joy on the part of the Arabs and our servants at meeting were truly touching. It immediately struck us, that if we had left the secluded ravine one quarter of an hour sooner or later, we should have missed the Arabs, and consequently have incurred the greatest risk of dying of starvation on these barren mountains, as three Turkish soldiers actually did a few years before, having been deserted by their guide like ourselves. As for our conductor, the camel-drivers fell in with him, as they were taking their beasts to water in the evening, with his mouth open, his feet cut to pieces, and his body swollen from drinking to excess out of the fountain near which he was lying speechless. He must have got there at last by dint of Arab instinct, and was brought on a camel into our tent, which had been pitched more than two miles short of the spring, owing to the caravan having been misled by our track of the previous day. After all, we had passed by Gebel Dochán, the porphyry mountain, which we had come so far expressly to see, and it was now far in our rear. Next day, however, I made another attempt; and having sent the rest of the party to the spring, returned with my companion and the clever old director of the caravan. By the assistance of an Arab belonging to the huts to which I have alluded, we found the mountain and the ruins of the workmen's village, with two wells, now fallen in, as well as a small temple of the Ionic order, dedicated to Helios Sarapis, in the time of Hadrian, according to the inscription on the architrave, which was already known. I have prepared very detailed maps of our whole mountain route, as well as of the important road to Cosséir, which has never yet been accurately laid down. \* \* \*

We hurried on, in order to spend Easter Sunday in the convent of Sinai; but the wind on the Red Sea to Túr was against us, and instead of getting there on Easter-eve, we did not arrive at the convent till the Sunday, a little before sunset. As the monks belong to the Greek Church, and their Easter consequently falls twelve days later, we got there in the season of fasting. The worthy old prior, whom Robinson mentions, had died that year at Cairo, and his successor is to have the rank of bishop. The whole life of these four priests and twenty-one lay brothers is the reverse of edifying. They gave us the general impression of being, as it were, under a dark rain-cloud, weighed down by the continual pressure of ignorance and indolence, albeit the physical sky under which they vegetate is always cheerful and the temperature moderate. They are the only inhabitants of the vast desert who can enjoy the refreshing shade of cypresses, palms, and olive-trees. The small but uncomfortable cells they occupy are built round a neat and well-kept church, in the Basilica style, the inside of which is richly ornamented. They possess, besides a library containing about 1500 volumes, an *larpéion* *ψυχῆς*, in which, had they any taste for it, they might find a remedy for their *ennui*."

There were (the Professor describes in laying down his objects) "three historical points in our route which we had mainly to keep in view. First, the primeval Egyptian colonies, the inscriptions and remains of whose temples in the northern mountains have attracted the admiration of travellers, and given rise to most extraordinary hypo-

theses. Secondly, the places mentioned in the Bible in regard to the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness. And, thirdly, the so-called Sinai inscriptions, which were formerly held to be the work of the Israelites, and which were said to have been deciphered by Professor Beer, at Leipsic, but a few years ago, at the moment of our leaving Europe. As regards the first point, the opinion I formerly entertained was confirmed, that the Egyptian inscriptions are simply *stele* to record the working of the copper-mines in the immediate vicinity. Of these *stele* there were many in the Peninsula, certainly more than are known at the present day, inasmuch as large masses of copper, mixed with a quantity of iron ore, were, and still are, found in certain strata of the sandstone rocks along the skirts of the primeval chain. The whole country was called after them, in hieroglyphics, *Mafkat*, 'the copper-land,' and was under the particular protection of the goddess Hathor, Mistress of Mafkat. The temple of Sar'but el Chá'dem was also dedicated to her; the oldest portion of which consists of a small rock chapel with a column in the centre, erected in the last dynasty of the old empire by Amenemha-Meris. There is, however, at a little distance, a still older *stele* of two kings of the same twelfth dynasty. I took an accurate drawing of this temple, which is really most remarkable, and cannot fail to excite in the highest degree the admiration of every traveller. It stands on a lofty sandstone ledge, sloping perpendicularly down into an extensive sandy valley, only accessible from the westward by the primitive chain which joins it from that side, but not from the valley below. It is entirely filled with lofty *stele*, many of them, like obelisks, with inscriptions on all four sides: indeed, it is so crowded with them, that its walls seem only made to circumscribe the *stele*, although there are several erected outside it, near the temple and on the adjacent hills. Lord Prudhoe's hypothesis, which has been generally acquiesced in, that it was anciently the resort of Egyptian pilgrims, would have been abandoned at once, in favour of the right view of the case, had the immediate vicinity been more closely examined. The singular collection of *stele* seems to have drawn off the attention of travellers from every thing else. Neither Rüppell, nor the observant Robinson, nor even Niebuhr, nor Lord Prudhoe, remarked the vast mounds of ore among which the temple is built. The north-eastern hillocks, 250 yards long and 100 wide, are completely covered with a massive crust of iron ore, six or eight feet thick, and surrounded on all sides by blocks of scoriae—sometimes smaller, sometimes larger—the appearance of which, burnt as they are to the colour of a cinder, contrasts them very prominently with the adjacent light-brown sandstone hillocks. The ore was conveyed from the more distant works to these airy eminences, which were very advantageously situated for their furnaces, owing to the north-east wind continually blowing on them, but which we found particularly disagreeable. The inscriptions on the *stele* are precisely of the same character as those on the road to Cosséir, and the other Egyptian quarries; but the only novelty about them is that they are detached, owing to there being no rock to support them, as there are in the mines. An old road led to the present quarries, which we were unable to visit, however, being distressed for want of water. We had already seen some at Wadi Maghára, where we found a stately row of rock inscriptions, close by the side of the extensive caverns, which are of greater antiquity even than those of Sar'but el Chá'dem. Some of them, indeed, contain the oldest effigies of kings in existence, without excepting the whole of Egypt and the pyramids of Gizeh. For the kings, Chufu, Numchufu, &c. are represented there in person, either offering sacrifices to the gods or beheading their enemies; whereas at Gizeh there are only princes or private individuals of the day so exhibited. In reference to the second point—the places mentioned in the Bible—I thought, before I

was on the spot, that it was impossible to go further than Robinson had done; [Dr. L. goes into details relating to the topographical features of the land] and on a closer comparison of the biblical narrative, my conviction of the strictly historical character and accurate local observation of the writer, which allows of no arbitrary interpretation, impelled me, all at once, not only to test very carefully the assumptions of others, but also to analyse the questions myself, upon no other basis than that of the one great authority, the Mosaic account; and my attempt grew insensibly into a connected survey." He arrives at the Valley of Palms and the "Wadi Alegá, at the rear of which the Serbá rises, whose five peaks seemed to me to grow higher and larger the further I proceeded. After ten minutes' walk, a row of low stone buts, in the old style, commenced on the left cliff bordering on the valley, built entirely of the black stone of the primitive formation, but carefully constructed with sharp angles and upright walls, containing generally only one, but occasionally two, three, and even five rooms, one after the other. Each of them was only just wide and high enough to allow a man to lie down and sit comfortably, but not to stand upright or walk about, so that they had the appearance of tombs rather than dwelling-houses. It was only after a close examination that I was convinced they were really dwellings merely, that is, places for shelter against rain and sun. They were all roofed with slabs of stone, either open on the narrow side, or closed up on all four sides, and accessible only through the roof. At the point where the rows of houses began, we found upon the large blocks of granite on the road and in the valley a countless number of the so-called Sinai inscriptions, which have hitherto been considered so enigmatical. They were engraved with pointed chisels on the hard crust of the black stone, and some of them are still very strongly marked and legible, though barely below the surface, and only distinguishable owing to the lighter colour of the letters contrasted with the general surface. These inscriptions lasted as far as the group of palm-trees, which at a gradual bend of the valley overshadow a cool spring of deliciously flavoured water, and are said to continue still higher up the mountain. From this spring I had the loveliest and most commanding view of the Serbá, which here rises at once majestically several thousand feet. Its splendid towers peaked up to heaven like flames of fire in the setting sun, and made upon me an almost overpowering impression. It is impossible to describe the sublimity and majesty of these black mountain masses—rising as they do, not in a wild and irregular form, but on a grand and imposing scale—at the foot of which I was standing, not separated from it here by any projecting promontory or ledge, so abruptly does the whole body of the mountain start up from this point."

From this particular sketch he proceeds to establish his theory of Mount Sinai, in which he differs from Robinson and preceding geographical writers, and follows the march of the Israelites in directions and through local encampments hitherto untraced. As many pages are occupied with this discussion, which must be read entire in order to be understood, we must, however, refer to the publication for their reasoning and conclusions. One or two brief extracts illustrating collateral circumstances may be copied as examples of the rest. He contends for a different site of a great miracle:

"The salt spring of Howára is now generally considered the ancient Marah, and so Robinson thinks. This seems to me utterly improbable. According to Robinson's account, the Arabs universally held it to be the saltiest and worst of all those salt springs; and so little notice is taken of it, that it was never once mentioned by the Arabs to Niebuhr, nor seemingly to Pococke either, but became known only through Burckhardt. Besides this, it is not situated in a Wadi, so that the cattle could not find any fodder. It is remarkable, in-

deed, for nothing but its bad water; and there was no reason whatever, therefore, why it should have been dignified by the name of a station in old times. On the other hand, four or five miles farther on, was the broad Wadi Gharándel, which 'lies lower, and is better supplied with bushes and shrubs,' than any one of those which Robinson had met with hitherto. The Arabs found 'running water' in it, which 'in general was quite as salt as that of the former springs, although somewhat less disagreeable than that of Howára.' It is still a 'principal watering-place of the Arabs;' and there can be no doubt, therefore, that it was so in the time of the Israelites. It is no wonder, then, that it obtained pre-eminently the name of *Marah*, 'the bitter well,' as the Arabs up to this day usually make use of the word *murr*, 'bitter,' to express the salt, or rather brackish, nitrous taste of the water. Could Moses, who was acquainted with the country, have been ignorant of all this? or could he have disregarded it in the difficult task he had undertaken of attempting to satisfy the wants of the people? Would he have selected the much more insignificant spring of Howára merely because it was the greatest, in order to make the miracle of sweetening it appear the greater? This would be a pitiful attempt at explanation, against which Robinson also protests, with great dignity and truth, in another passage. If the Israelites had exhausted the stock of water they brought from Aín Mu'sa, they would certainly have been more thankful to Moses for sweetening the copious stream at Gharándel than the scanty one of Howára. The means which he adopted of making the bitter water drinkable, by throwing into it a piece of wood, or the peel or fruit of some tree or shrub, which must have been abundant in those valleys, is certainly no longer known; but yet it might perhaps be discovered again, if attempts were made on the spot. I brought away with me various specimens of the most common sorts of wood, out of the upper valleys; it is true, but as yet have had no opportunity of testing their efficacy. For the reasons assigned, I have no hesitation in asserting that Marah was not near Howára, but in the Wadi Gharándel."

Of another of the miracles:

"If the wilderness of Sin extended as far as Gebel Mu'sa, it must have comprised the whole of the south of the peninsula, and have had the Um Schémar for its centre, as there is no reason whatever to suppose that it cut the mountain in half at this point. A glance at the map will suffice to convince us that the Serbál might have formed a centre, and that its southern slope, possibly as far as Wadi Hebrán, would have formed a boundary to the district of nearly the same extent as the others which are mentioned by name. Now it was in the wilderness of Sin that the Lord sent the quails and manna for the people to eat. I have already mentioned the vast number of desert fowls, which are still so remarkable at the present day. They naturally frequented principally the most fertile valleys; and the manna is likewise found only in the well-watered valleys of the primitive mountains, especially, and now almost exclusively, in the Wadi Firán and the adjoining part of the Wadi e' Schech. The Arabs say that it is found in one or two more distant places, and assert that it is not produced in the other valleys, although tarfa-bushes are met with almost every where. In dry seasons it frequently fails, even in the Wadi Firán, though this is not the proper occasion for saying more upon this remarkable tree-honey, which still appears in the wilderness of Arabia as the most wonderful food of the country. The season for it is in May and June, a little before the dates are ripe, the precise time of year when the Israelites arrived there. In wet seasons it then trickles down in incredible quantities from the tarfa-bushes on to the sand, where it is eagerly picked up both by man and beast. It is renewed fresh every morning, but melts in the heat of the sun at noon; as we read in Exodus xvi. 21: 'And when the sun waxed hot, it melted.' I was highly

gratified on first discovering, contrary to my expectation, after a careful search in a twig of tarfa on the convent-mountain of Hererá, a few glistening pearls of manna, and when the Arabs assured me that it was manna, although the season for it had not arrived. On looking farther, I found several more white and yellow drops in rich strings, and on many of them the little worms mentioned in Exodus, so that I was able to collect several little twigs full of manna, which I put into a bottle and brought away. It is, in fact, inconceivable to me how so circumspect a man as Robinson could for a moment doubt that this is the old manna of the Israelites, which the Arabs to this day call *men*, and suppose that their manna was something very different, and sent expressly for them from heaven. If his objection was only as to the quantity, and certainly there may not perhaps be sufficient to feed such a multitude, which he did not see very well how to account for, he must, upon the same grounds, suppose that there were many more quails, and a much more ample supply of water, than at the present day, because the sustenance of such an immense multitude as they were, especially in the desert of Arabia, seems inexplicable by any reasoning we can offer on the subject."

The site of the rock of Horeb and the miraculous issue of the water from it are treated of; but we must leave all for a few concluding words on the third topic, "the so-called Sinaic Inscriptions." These Dr. L. denies to be Israelitish, and declares the whole character on the rocks of the peninsula to be "palpably of comparative modern date, and not very unlike the well-known Semitic inscriptions, especially in regard to the principle of contracting several letters into one, a practice by which, though it is not adopted throughout, the more modern Semitic writings are characterised, and to which they have a very strong tendency. Professor Beer is quite correct in assigning them a Christian origin. Christian monograms and crosses are not uncommon; even the Greek inscriptions, frequently interspersed among them, generally of the same date and sometimes even demonstrably older, are likewise most of them Christian. They are usually short, though some are found of a greater length; and as a general rule, they seem to contain names. The Greek inscriptions are mostly commemorative; some of them in Arabic, with which they are intermixed, begin with *Bism Allah*, 'in the name of God.' This, or something like it, seems to be the meaning of the group of three letters with which almost all the unknown inscriptions commence. The statements of some travellers, that similar inscriptions are found in particular places in Egypt, especially in the quarries of Turah at Cairo, require confirmation. It is not even the fact that they are met with only on roads which lead out of Egypt: they occur in the most secluded spots, where they could never have been expected, and especially on the rocks which lie considerably out of main roads. Most of them are connected with rude drawings of camels, goats, and even horses; and I am fully convinced that they are the work of a Christian pastoral people, who had independent possession of the peninsula, and knew how to write—not of pilgrims, nor in reference to any particular place. The principal city of this people was the early Christian Farán, at the foot of the Serbál, in the valley of the same name. This explains also the admixture of Greek inscriptions. The ingenious Burckhardt remarked, that they are found principally in the neighbourhood of the Serbál, and therefore conjectured that at some time the Serbál had been considered to be Sinai, and on this account was much frequented by pilgrims as a place of holy resort. He expresses his own deliberate conviction, however, that the true Sinai must be looked for in Gebel Mu'sa, or Gebel Katherin. If the inscriptions had any reference to Sinai, it could be only indirectly, owing to their being traceable to the Christian Farán and its inhabitants principally, and to the fact of this convent having been originally built in consequence of

the supposed proximity to Mount Sinai. The main reason for its establishment in the Valley of Palms seems to have been the fertility of the soil; and if, as is not at all improbable, it had reference to the Biblical narrative, they should seem to have believed, and so far at least correctly, that in the neighbourhood of Raphidim they were building on Horeb, as Raphidim and Horeb were expressly supposed by Cosmas and Jerome to be situated there, even if, in conformity with the ordinary interpretation, and the apparent literal sense of Scripture, they thought that Sinai was a day's journey from Raphidim. We have made a valuable collection of several hundreds of the most legible inscriptions, some in *as simile*, and others in papyro-plastic, several of which seem to have a Greek translation. Should Professor Beer, therefore, not have already exhausted the subject, this interesting point may now be submitted to a further and more close examination, with the aid of these precious materials."

That this little volume will be consulted with pleasure by the learned and unlearned we need hardly add. Every Christian feels a deep interest in its inquiries. It throws a light upon Judaic history and other antiquities; and its geographical details and miscellaneous illustrations form altogether a valuable publication within a very small compass.

#### GAIETY AND GRAVITY.

*Sketches of Pumps, handled by R. Cruikshank: with some Temperate Spouting, by Alfred Crowquill. 8vo, pp. 16. D. Bogue.*

*jeu d'esprit*, not of the light and frivolous sort, deserving of a favourable notice. The designs by R. Cruikshank, executed in glyptography, are characteristic of the London classes delineated; and remind us of the *Microcosm*, so full of similar subjects. We have of late had occasion to observe that Robert Cruikshank very frequently (with due pains and time taken) displays a skill and style more nearly approaching his eminent brother than when he threw off hasty subjects for ephemeral publications. These, now, do him much credit. Then come Crowquill's temperate text-sputtings—a mixture of true philanthropic admonitions, given in grave yet lively tone, and of gayer and more jocular advice. We should notice, that though the title has probably been suggested by Snobs, the design is quite different, and proceeds in colloquies between a *gent*, full of Bacchus and sundry Pumps, to whose refreshing streams he resorts in his walk or reel home from a convivial party. "Oh, the heavenly coolness!" he exclaims at the first. "I felt it glide into the very heels of my boots. If I could have absorbed more I would; as it was, the wine had the worst of it. I became a very fair specimen of weak negus—such as given at ladies' boarding-schools at their vacation balls." Of the other Pumps, the fortunes and misadventures are various, generally inculcating sobriety; but we will go to the third, which will suit us better by way of specimen, as an original sketch of character. The drinker having struck it too hard with its attached iron ladle, "a distant feeble voice uttered some cry, and then became gradually stronger, until it appeared to speak in a petulant key through the very spout, 'Who's that knocking me about? If unlucky Jim comes and finds you ill-using me, he'll soon talk to you.' 'Oh, you can speak then!' said I; 'and pray who is unlucky Jim?' 'Why, my attendant who waits upon me all-day,' answered the pump, 'that I may not sustain any rude shocks from indiscreet people.' 'Indeed,' returned I; 'I never heard of such an attendant before: who and what is he?' 'Why, I understand, from what I have heard him say, that he has been ill-used and injured all his life, and the cause is as follows: He states that he comes of a very good family who never did any work themselves, so that he was born, as it were, 'to the manner'; but, as misfortunes will happen in the best regulated families, just as he was old enough to understand that he was born to do nothing, his parents

popped off, and did nothing for him; inasmuch as they, having followed the example of their predecessors, left every thing to be done by every body else, which every body took an opportunity of doing, and young Jim found himself bound apprentice, with the whole of his fortune as a premium, to a dealer in hardware. Here, of course, he felt himself ill-used, for they had no consideration for his feelings, which prompted him to fall asleep with the duster in his hands, or tumble off the steps in a short doze amidst the crockery. Here was a case of doing too much; a thrashing followed, which made him do something else, which was, run away. He found himself in the streets, where he discovered that to do nothing he must do a great deal, for the vicious had more to do than the virtuous and honest, and that industry was not half the trouble of dishonesty. Being a long youth, he soon found employment by hiring himself as a wail for two large advertising bills to some cheap tailor. This was delightful; for he could walk as slow and as little as he liked, and could doze like a tortoise between his two shells. He thought himself made for life; but, unfortunately, a few windy days put him out of conceit of his new calling; for he was carried hither and thither continually, fighting with the gusts in a way that was decidedly hard work. He resigned. He next found himself in a cellar turning a poor widow's mangle; not a patent one. His quiet, insinuating manner soon made him a favourite; and the style in which he made out her little bills, which had hitherto only been hieroglyphical, which all mangling bills are, astonished her. This he cunningly did while she turned the mangle and thought upon the abilities of her serving-man. This once done, it was easy for him to marry her and her mangle, which he did. He threw himself upon the accounts and put her to the wheel, which, as proprietor, he did not descend to touch. He was too lazy to quarrel; so left her to quarrel with herself, and collected the bills, dozing over his pipe at a neighbouring public house with the proceeds. One night he slept rather long, as he had been lucky in his gatherings, and never awoke till the pot-boy had put up the last shutter. He shook himself, and proceeded to his house, but his home no longer; for his lady had flown, and taken the mangle and other little trifles of furniture, and left him to provide for himself. Here was ill-usage! The next morning he purchased a large stick to beat carpets, or his dear wife if he should have the luck to fall over her. He joined another beater, but the first morning he broke the partnership, as he would not hit hard enough. He felt thirsty, and approached me. After having drunk his fill, and having nothing to do, he rested himself on the top of his long stick, and making a tripod of himself, gazed upon the passing throng. A rosy servant wench tripped with her pitcher from the door of a neighbouring house. He seized my handle and gallantly filled her pitcher. She looked at his forlorn phiz, and pitied him. That evening a blade-bone of mutton came mysteriously through the grating of her kitchen, and was eagerly appropriated by him. As he ate it, he cast occasional glances at me. A bright thought entered his head, and he resolved henceforth never to quit me. He pumped for everybody on spec. He carried the water back for influential domestics, cleaned boots for high-minded Johnnies, beat mats for delicate maids-of-all-work, and, in fact, made himself generally useful to the servants in the neighbourhood. Holding horses was one of his delights. It was pay without labour. Thus he lives from day to day. I am his friend. I am his house of reference—his address. Everybody knows that they will find Jim at the pump, nor do they care to inquire where else he lodges. If absent for a short time on a message, he leaves his card, by chalking on my side, 'back in five minutes.' He is very tenacious of other people touching me. Jealous to a degree, he looks upon me as his capital and his friend; so that I gave you the warning I did that you might not, from your

evidently stupid state, get into a scrape with my guardian."

We are tempted to add a portion of the experience of the last Pump, in a wretched neighbourhood:

"Hallo, my friend!" exclaimed he, "what do you do out so early? any thing up? I warn you to keep a sharp look out, for I heard the grating creak of a policeman's boot not two minutes ago. Hang such new inventions, say I, for I am an old-fashioned pump inwardly, although my outside has been beautified and modernised. Give me the days that are gone—or rather the nights that are gone—when the old Charlies quavered out the hours, and left industrious people to their avocations in the most neighbourly manner. How many of my old friends and chums have I lost through them not being properly understood by the police, who are generally fools enough to take a man instead of his money. One among them I regret more than all the rest. Ah, he was an ingenuous man! He lodged in the room just even with my top, with all his little charming family. He had a wife and four children; she was at work all day long in the most praiseworthy way, making friends wherever she went of innocent servant girls, to whom she was quite an oracle and a mother—warning them of the wickedness of the world, and its snares; and above all cautioning them of thieves when their masters and mistresses were absent; but, unfortunately, when such was the case, the houses, from some cause or other, were sure to be robbed. The two boys were out early and late, and were always very lucky, being sure to find something which had been lost; either a pocket handkerchief or two, or a lady's reticule; not knowing the owner, of course they brought them home. The eldest girl thrived very well upon one bundle of clothes-pegs, which she went out to sell, but never did; yet she seemed always to have money. She must have been very saving, or met with very kind friends. The youngest flower of this family, in the like manner, carried one large box of lucifers, which she disposed of in a most curious manner, by throwing them down on the wet pavement or in a gutter, and then howl over them. This, of course, excited the pity of the passers-by, and the pity, of course, a few pence; so that in the course of the week this one box produced more than a thousand in the hands of a less ingenious trader. But to return to the father—the honoured parent of this 'happy family'—he smoked his pipe all day long, leaning against me in the most familiar manner, apparently preferring the cool of the evening for his peculiar branch of labour. He seldom returned till nearly the break of day, when he always appeared to be much laden, and he would honour me by making a staircase of me, and get into his window in the most considerate manner, not wishing to disturb the other lodgers. One unlucky morning some misfortune seemed to have bewildered the family; their two darling sons did not return; the father's face was clouded; it was whispered some short time afterwards that they had both been sent to serve the Queen abroad, without consulting him; he did not like to interfere, in case he might have been pressed to go with them. Soon after, two gentlemen called, and took away the clothes-peg vendor and lucifer-merchant, much against their wish. I suppose their intentions were honourable, as it was done in the broad daylight, and publicly; but the mother pined, and sought refuge in liquor somewhat stronger than mine. The father grew moody and suspicious, and would thrash his fair partner most unmercifully, which drove her at last from her home; and in the darkness of the night he stood by my side—a solitary man. Brooding over his wrongs seemed to enrage him to that degree, that he swore more oaths to himself in one evening than would last any reprobate family a week. He seemed to turn all his earnings into gin; the springiness left his step, and his arm lost its strength; he no longer made me the short cut to his desolate bed-room. His clothes

hung about him in rags, and his former lucrative profession seemed to have failed. The bold, daring spirit had dwindled into the imbecile, petty snatcher of trifles. One afternoon he left my side with a shuffling gait, as if some sudden thought had struck him; he had not been long gone when a loud hub-labaloo sounded from the thoroughfare at the corner of the square. Guess my horror when I saw my friend struggling between the dustman and a waggoner, followed by a large mob shouting at their heels. What he had done, or what they were going to do with the poor wretch, I could not imagine. Fancy my surprise when they dragged him to my very feet, and, forcing him beneath my spout, they compelled me, with cannibal-like yells, to pump—(the words almost choke me)—to pump over my most intimate friend—to drown him—to deluge him! Miscreants! They jeeringly called it 'water cure.' He appeared to have picked up something that had dropped from the tail of some country waggon, and in running after the man he had turned the wrong way. They departed, and left the shivering feeble wretch to crawl into his chamber. In a few days some starveling looking men brought a rudely constructed box belonging to the parish, in which they carried away my old acquaintance. I felt that I had killed him. I was a homicidal pump, and I wished that my waters might cease to flow. But before you go, take this warning from me; don't try the 'water cure.' I am an old pump, and know something; and, although you are but a vegetable, don't let any fool water you to improve your growth!"

#### THE INGOLDSBY PAPERS.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

WE must now bring our review of this volume to an end; and we take up its theme with an amusing tale of one of Mr. Barham's parishioners.

"An old gentleman, a merchant in Bush-lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary; she was engaged and devotedly attached to a young man in her own rank of life, and in every respect well worthy of her choice; all preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed positively for the last time of marrying to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—. On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received 10,000*l.* down on his wedding day, and a further sum of 30,000*l.* on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would) had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening-party; the 'tiff' arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling een and imitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightly of certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader, pardon the unavoidable expression!) she was *putting on the breeches* a little too soon." After supper both the lovers had become more cool; iced Champagne and cold chicken had done their work, and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms as had previously terminated their meetings. On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and as a part of his *avende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:

"Dearest \*\*\*, I have been unable to close my eyes all night in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign

to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate • • •

"Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel; but as a pair of his nether garments happened at the time to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop in his way to Bush-lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

"The reader foresees the inevitable *contretemps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder! consigned the satin robes to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased; so exasperated was she, at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present, but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined not to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her.

"About 1843-4 a society was formed, under the title of 'The Archaeological Association,' avowedly for the purpose of prosecuting antiquarian research, and comprehending in its plan certain annual trips, of a very agreeable and scientific character. Of this design Mr. Barham was a zealous supporter, being moved thereto no less by his intimacy with many of the original promoters than by a thorough appreciation of its objects, primary and incidental."

We fear that Mr. Barham's death was hastened by his journeying from Bath to attend at one of the meetings of the Archaeological Association, after the untoward rupture which divided the interests and pursuits of this excellent institution.\* It was there we met him for the last time, severely affected by bronchitis, in a very unseasonable evening: he rallied from time to time, but never entirely recovered.

His slight tendency, if not to superstitions, at any rate to the enjoyment of ghost-stories, may be gathered from those preserved among his papers: leaving which—especially the strange and inexplicable one of Mr. Legge—a specimen or two of the poems appended to this volume, and a previous extract relating to the last days of Hook, will now conclude our miscellaneous and anecdotal notice.

"The death of Theodore Hook, which occurred on the 24th of August, 1841, deeply affected Mr. Barham; a warm attachment had sprung up between them during an intimacy of twenty years, and he heard of the event that had dissolved it with the most heartfelt grief, not unmixed with something of a sinister foreboding as regarded himself. One of the last parties at which Hook was present was at Amen Corner; he was unusually late, and dinner was served before he made his appearance. Mr. Barham apologised for having sat down without him, observing that he had quite given him up, and had supposed 'that the weather had deterred him.' 'Oh!' replied the former, 'I had determined to come *weather or no*.' He ate literally nothing but one large slice of cucumber, but seemed in tolerable spirits; and towards the end of the evening the slight indications of effort, which were at first visible, had completely disappeared. Mr. Barham saw him but once again; he spent the morning with him at Fulham about a month before his decease; and of this last interview with one so universally admired and regretted, the particulars may not be unacceptable. They are thus given in a letter to Mrs. Hughes, written shortly after the melancholy event had occurred:

\* We are not sure that we ought now to deem this division unfortunate for archaeology. It has stimulated to great exertion; and our fortnightly reports of the proceedings of the Association shew how valuable and extensive are the results.—*Ed. L. G.*

Margate, Sept. 2, 1841.

"My dear Friend,—You do me no more than justice in supposing that the loss of my poor friend would indeed cast a gloom over me; in fact, it came upon me like a thunder-clap, and I even yet can scarcely believe it real. On Monday, the 29th of July, I went down to Fulham, and spent the whole morning with him, having heard that he was out of sorts, and wishing to see him before I came down here, where I had promised to preach a sermon for the benefit of the 'Sea-bathing Infirmary.' That day month was the day of his funeral. I dreamt of no such thing then; for though I could not persuade him to taste even the fowl which we had for luncheon, yet his spirits were so high, and his countenance wore so completely its usual expression, that I thought him merely labouring under one of those attacks of bilious indigestion, through so many of which I had seen him fight his way, and which I trusted that the run to the sea-side, in which he commonly indulged at this time of the year, would entirely remove. I was, I confess, a little startled when he told me that he had not tasted solid food for three days, but had lived upon effervescent draughts, taken alternately with rum and milk and Guinness's porter. There was something in this mixture of medicine, food, and tonic, with the stimulants which I knew he took besides, though he said nothing about them, that gave me some apprehension as to whether the regimen he was pursuing was a right one, and I pressed him strongly to have further advice. He promised me that if he was not better in a day or two, he would certainly do so. He went on to speak of some matters of business connected with the novel he was employed on—part of which he read to me; and much, my dear friend, as you, in common with the rest of the world, have enjoyed his writings, I do assure you the effect of his humour and wit was more than doubled, when the effusions of his own genius were given from his own mouth. Never was he in better cue, and his expressive eye revelled in its own fun. I shall never forget it! We got afterwards on miscellaneous subjects, and then he was still the Theodore Hook I had always known, only altered from him of our college-days by the increased fund of anecdote, which experience and the scenes he had since gone through had given him. There was the same good nature, which was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of his mind; indeed, it has so happened that, intimate as has been our friendship for the last twenty years, since his return from the Mauritius renewed the connexion of our earlier days, I have been but rarely witness to that bitter and cutting sarcasm of which he had perfect command, and could employ without scruple when provoked: the reason of this, perhaps, may be, that frequently as we met it was either in a quiet stroll or dinner by ourselves, or in the society of a few intimate friends, all of whom loved and regarded each other too well to give occasion for the slightest ebullition of temper. The only instances I can call to mind in which he has given way to any severity of expression have ever been in mixed company, and generally—with one single exception, perhaps, I might say universally—when undue liberties taken by those whose acquaintance with him was not sufficient to justify the familiarity, drew from him a rebuff which seldom made a second necessary. His friends could not provoke him.

"After more than three hours spent in a *tête-à-tête*, I got up to leave him, and then for the first time remarked that the dressing-gown he wore seemed to sit on him more loosely than usual: I said, as I shook his hand, for the last time, 'Why, my dear Hook, this business seems to have pulled you more than I had perceived.' 'Pulled me!' said he, 'you may well say that; look here,' and, opening his gown, it was not without a degree of painful surprise that I saw how much he had fallen away, and that he seemed literally almost slipping through his clothes—a circumstance the more remarkable from the usual portliness of his figure.

I was so struck with his change of appearance that I could not refrain from again pressing him to accompany me for a few days down here; but he declined it as being impossible, from the necessity of his immediately winding up 'Peregrine Bunce' and 'Fathers and Daughters' (the novel he was publishing in 'Colburn's Magazine'); but he added, that in a fortnight or three weeks he should so far have 'broken the necks of them both' as to admit of his running down to Eastbourne, where he said 'he could be quiet.' Alas! he little thought, or I, how quiet, or what his rest would be, before the expiration of that term! I left him, but without any foreboding that it was for the last time."

Of the new poetry published, the subjoined are specimens:

"The Poplar.

AY, here stands the poplar, so tall and so stately,  
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—  
We carved her initials; though not very lately,  
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaimed Georgiana;  
Our heart's empress then; see, 'tis grown all askew;  
And it's not without grief we perform entertain a  
Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D too, that once stood for  
Dobbin,

Her lov'd patronymic—ah! can it be so!  
It's once fair proportions time too has been robbing;  
A D?—we'll be Deed if it is n't an O!

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,  
That thus on our labours stern Chronos should frown;  
Should change our soft liquids to ixiards and Xes,  
And turn true love's alphabet all upside down!"

"The Confession.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,  
There's somewhat on my breast!  
The livelong day I sigh, father,  
And at night I cannot rest.  
I cannot take my rest, father,  
Though I would fain do so;  
A weary weight oppresteth me,  
This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,  
Nor want of worldly gear;  
My lands are broad, a fair to see,  
My friends are kind and dear.  
My kin are leal and true, father,  
They mourn to see my grief;  
But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand  
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,  
'Tis not that she's unkind;  
Though busy flatterers swarm around,  
I know her constant mind.  
'Tis not her coldness, father,  
That chills my labouring breast,  
It's that confounded cucumber  
I've eat and can't digest."

"EPIGRAM.

*Eheu fugaces!*

What Horace says is,  
*Eheu fugaces*  
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!  
Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!  
Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,  
Taglionis and Eillers, Duverneys and Ceritos,  
Sighing, I murmur, 'O mihi praetorios!'

An exceedingly neat title-page of border designs, and interesting likenesses of the author, adorn this volume—the farewell to much of talent, kindly humour, genuine wit, and a style as original as our literature can boast, and the more remarkable for being struck out in these later and "used up" days.

MRS. MAURY'S AMERICAN STATESMAN.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

THE old adage, "it is an ill fowl that defiles its own nest," applies so stringently to this writer, that we could not, in justice, suppress our displeasure at her weak and silly but offensive and mischievous performance. Her fulsome panegyrics upon every thing American, which must be disgusting to the good sense of that intelligent country, and her self-conceit and presumption in leaping in with dictatorial opinions where angels might pause, could only be ridiculous; but her abuse of her native land throughout was enough, even from so trifling a quarter, to provoke the rebuke we have felt it our duty to bestow. We now resume our notice for a brief space, and at the point where we closed with

her highfown eulogium upon Mr. Calhoun. Next to it, if not before, him let us admire the Sarah Calhoun in petticoats herself. Hear how she disposes of Mexico :

" The war between the United States and Mexico arose from various subjects of just complaint on the part of the United States against Mexico. I have traced these complaints, and been struck with the forbearance which the American government exercised towards their weaker foe, chiefly in consideration of the disturbed state of the internal policy of the newly-organised and perplexed republic." So no more at present; but remains to see the issue foretold in these words : " The expenses of the Mexican war will be paid by the Americans with ease; such burdens lie lightly upon a people who are free from permanent and direct taxation, and on whose fields the God of harvests forgets not to scatter the continual gift of abundance."

As every thing concerning a personage of such importance must be universally interesting, we ought perhaps to have mentioned the fact contained in the following communication : " It may be remarked (says Mrs. Maury) that the corps diplomatique, resident at Washington, have not been alluded to in the preceding pages. It is equally due to the respect which I owe to the people of America, and to myself, to mention that I carried out letters of introduction from Lord Aberdeen, the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in London, to Mr. Pakenham. These letters were procured at the personal request of Lord Sandon, and I believe, were drawn in the most favouring terms. I called twice on Mr. Pakenham, on affairs of business, once accompanied by my son, and once by Governor Seward, of New York. We found him civil, and he made an offer of his services. But I was in high hands, and required them not. The President himself, the Secretary of State, and every American, took care of me."

Her competency to discuss international topics seems, accordingly, to rest on something like an official, diplomatic, and accredited foundation; which causes us to set great store upon her dicta respecting *Free Trade!* Now listen, legislators; protectionists, listen : " Commerce is an affair of climate; and the sun, the disseminator of light and heat, is its regulating power. These gifts of his are dispensed in various degrees of duration and intensity, according to the various positions of the countries of the globe. This is a law of nature. In like manner soil and production are suited to each other, and to the position or climate which they occupy upon the earth. This also is a law of nature. ' God Almighty first planted a garden,' and the first pursuit of an infant people is agriculture." As it was a garden, it might be horticulture; but never mind that. We proceed to learn that " *latent profit* is the vital principle of commerce," just as if it had not been the vital principle of agricultural cultivation and barter for articles of necessity or luxury ! But let us end with a novel argument : " It is a fact admitting of mathematical demonstration, that the annual average production of food on the ear in is in exact proportion to the wants of the aggregate number of the inhabitants thereof. The capabilities of America to furnish bread-stuffs are exhaustless; those of England are limited. Let England, therefore, cease to torture her soil into the production of grain, which her climate refuses to ripen, and let her import it from the granaries of the West. Let her arable lands again become pasture fields, their legitimate and natural state; let her farmers return to the dairy and the feeding of cattle; and let her labouring classes partake of pure butter and cheese, and fresh and invigorating beef and mutton."

Having, we presume, demonstrated the unparalleled value of these lucubrations, we would dismiss Mrs. Maury to the eminent literary, political, and patriotic position she has achieved for herself; but there is still another great American statesman who involves the grand question of religions in

himself in such a manner as to forbid our overlooking his claim to particular notice. This is the Right Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of New York, of whom it may surprise some ignorant people to be told : " The Bishop is the greatest temporal prince in America, and he is the greatest spiritual prince in the world. And his reign is more immutable than that of kings and presidents, because it is not merely an earthly, but a heavenly bond that unites him to his flock ; — kings rule by inheritance, and presidents by election ; but this man rules alone through the mighty influences of religion. And marvellous are its effects, not only upon the people committed to his charge, but on those also whose religious and political prejudices have been and are arrayed against them. The discipline of the Catholic Church, fortified by experience, sanctioned by time, justified by its results, does even now exert its guardian influences upon the moral character of the American people. As education proceeds in its glorious mission, this long persecuted, much enduring faith is gradually restored to its honours and to its privileges of usefulness."

Lest there should be any mistake, Mrs. Maury confesses : " I am an Episcopalian, or Protestant of the Church of England, by my profession of religious faith ; in this creed was I born, in this creed was I baptised, confirmed, and married ; and in this creed I hope to die : it is the prevailing worship of my country ; for nineteen years I have knelt by my husband's side at the same altar ; its excellent and indefatigable minister\* is our neighbour, friend, and relative ; one by one our children have been presented at its sacred font ; year by year our sympathies have strengthened, and our trust has been confirmed in its rites and promises ; and I can suppose no circumstance to which its principles and its ceremonials may not to me be all-sufficient. But I am not, cannot be, blinded to the many excellencies of the Catholic Church, and especially as its institutions regard America ; they are beyond comparison the best adapted to curb the passions of a young, a fierce, impetuous, intelligent, generous, and high-minded democracy ; to protect the religion of a republic from annihilation ; to subdue the struggling and discordant interests of an immense territory into harmony ; and to enchain the sympathies of a whole people in one magnificent scheme of morality and devotion. ' They shall be one fold under one Shepherd.' The institutions besides, of this Church, are themselves based upon that very equality which their *discipline* so efficiently modifies. \* \* \*

" The celibacy of the Catholic clergy (a matter about which all this busy gossiping world concerns itself infinitely more than they do themselves) is another great advantage in the wilds of this great continent, and in her populous cities. No domestic or personal anxieties distract or lead them from their flock : ' Dès qu'un prêtre se marie, il n'est plus prêtre,' I observed the Marquis de Talard to me one day upon the Mississippi. And I frequently experienced the truth of the remark."

There is nothing like personal experience in matters of this kind; we pin our faith to the Matron and the Marquis de Tururulan, of the Mississippi. But to return to the Bishop, more potent than the Pope of Rome :

" He is the master-mind of that hierarchy which is the main instrument in producing the results I have alluded to ; and I learned from the highest authority in Canada, that by the Ecclesiastical Court of Rome he is considered as the right arm of the Catholic faith throughout the world, and that there is no dignitary in the whole sphere of the Church whose movements are the subject of such intense and anxious interest as those of this modest, retiring, and illustrious prelate. It is a common proverb that *circumstance* makes the hero ; but

\* The Rev. John Tobin, of Liscard, in Cheshire."

+ "And of that democracy I am the proud adherent, the faithful advocate, and the devoted admirer."

+ "As soon as a priest marries, he is no longer a priest."

no circumstance has made the bishop : on the contrary, he has himself carved out the *circumstance* of his position. His native country [Ireland] is oppressed ; his religion persecuted ; his birth obscure, and friends unknown ; no great event presented to his ambition the means and opportunity of self-elevation ; genius and poverty were his only portion ; but ' sweet are the uses of adversity ;' the apparent drawbacks became the stepping-stones of his advancement ; he cast behind him persecution and obscurity, and in the unconscious nobleness and enthusiasm of his youth, he sought and found a sphere worthy of his life and of his virtue. \* \* \* To me (continues the fascinated Mrs. Sarah) the daily intercourse of a priest was in itself a novelty ; and I examined into his character, and analysed its component parts, with the intense curiosity of a child struck at the sight of a flower he had never seen before. It was charming to observe his dress and habits ; his violet robe, and garments of delicate lace, his mystic signet-ring of coquite amethyst, his chain and crucifix of gold. \* \* \*

" On the first of August the doctor and I took passage in the Great Britain steam-ship, to seek our home once more. The bishop remained with me during the last hour I lingered on the soil of America. We spoke of those I went to seek, of those I left behind ; of our own separate countries, religion, character, and destiny ; in all of these, each was essentially removed from the other. We spoke of our sudden and brief acquaintance ; of our hasty, though enduring, friendship ; and marvelled if we might meet again on this side of the grave ; and I breathed my hope that in the hour of departure to the home of my spirit, though I am a stranger to his faith, he might be near to minister to my dying weakness, and to comfort those that will weep around my couch ; and the priest pledged his sacred word, if still he breathes the breath of life, if time and distance may be overcome — that in that hour he will be with me. \* \* \*

" And the bishop bade me kneel ; and I knelt beside him, — he laid his hand upon my head, — and then from his lips gushed forth in mingled power and beauty, the full strong tide of human affection ; in accents strange and new, for I had dreamed not of the love that I had won from that exalted nature. \* \* \*

" In the year 1817, a descendant of the sept of the Hughes came to the United States of America. He was the son of a farmer of moderate but comfortable means. He landed on these shores friendless, and with but a few guineas in his purse. He never received of the charity of any man ; he never borrowed of any man without repaying ; he never had more than a few dollars at a time ; he never had a patron in the church or out of it ; and it is he who has the honour to address you now, as Catholic Bishop of New York."

So poured he his Episcopal tale into the listening ears of our entranced countrywoman ; of whom, in this state of blissful enchantment, we take our reluctant leave. For lack of penetration, and sound sense, and logic, we probably ' ne'er shall look upon her like again ;' and yet it is always a sorrowful task to part from the precious and unique.

#### DR. TSCHUDI'S TRAVELS IN PERU.

[Second notice.]

HAVING, in our last *Gazette*, taken a long stride in advance with Dr. Tschudi's travels and adventures, we must now, as sportsmen say, try back, to an earlier period, and resume the thread of his story.

" The Peruvians (it seems) have some very singular prejudices on the subject of eating and drinking. Every article of food is, according to their notions, either heating (*caliente*), or cooling (*frio*) ; and they believe that certain things are in opposition one to another, or, as the Limenos phrase it, *se oponen*.

\* I have understood that he has the peculiar and inherent love of fine linen, which often distinguishes men of exalted character."

The presence in the stomach of two of these opposing articles of food,—for example, chocolate and rice,—is believed to be highly dangerous, and sometimes fatal. It is amusing to observe the Limenos when at dinner, seriously reflecting, before they taste a particular dish, whether it is in opposition to something they have already eaten. If they eat rice at dinner, they refrain from drinking water, because the two things *se oponen*. To such an extreme is this notion carried, that they will not taste rice on days when they have to wash, and laundresses never eat it. Frequently have I been asked by invalids, whether it would be safe for them to take a foot-bath or going to bed, as they had eaten rice at dinner! The white Creoles, as well as all the superior class of people in Lima, are exceedingly temperate in drinking. Water and a kind of sweet wine are their favourite beverage; but the lower classes and the people of colour are by no means so abstemious. They make free use of fermented drinks, especially brandy, chicha, and guarapo. The brandy of Peru is very pure, and is prepared exclusively from the grape. On the warm sea-coast, the use of this liquor is not very injurious; there, its evil effects are counteracted by profuse perspiration. But one half the quantity that may be drunk with impunity on the coast will be very pernicious in the cool mountainous regions. An old and very just maxim of the Jesuits is, *En pais caliente, aguardiente; en pais frio, agua fria* (in the warm country, brandy; in the cold country, water).

Our author having left Lima, at first travelled much along the sea-coast, previous to his journeys in the interior of the country. Both, but the former particularly, are infested by daring and desperate banditti, of whom we are told:

Robbers, when captured and brought to Lima, undergo a very summary trial, and are then sentenced to be shot. The culprits have the privilege of choosing their place of execution, and they generally fix on the market-place. They are allowed the assistance of a priest for twelve hours prior to their death, and they are conducted from the chapel to the place of execution, carrying a bench, on which they sit to undergo the punishment. Four soldiers fire at the distance of three paces from the culprit; two aiming at his head, and two at his breast. On one of these occasions a singular instance of presence of mind and dexterity occurred a few years ago in Lima. A very daring zambo, convicted of highway robbery, was sentenced to death. He made choice of the Plaza de la Inquisition as the scene of his execution. It was market time, and the square was crowded with people. The culprit darted around him a rapid and penetrating glance, and then composedly seated himself on the bench. The soldiers, according to custom, levelled their muskets, and fired; but how great was the surprise, when the cloud of smoke dispersed, and it was discovered that the zambo had vanished. He had closely watched the movements of the soldiers, and when they pulled the triggers of their muskets, he stooped down, and the balls passed over his head. Then suddenly knocking down one of the guards who stood beside him, he rushed into the midst of the crowd, where some of his friends helped him to effect his escape.

In time of war a corps is raised, consisting chiefly of highway robbers and persons who, by various offences against the laws, have forfeited their freedom or their lives. This corps is called the Montoneros, and they are very important auxiliaries when the coast is the theatre of the war. The Montoneros not being trained in military manoeuvres, are not employed as regular cavalry, but only as outposts, scouts, despatch-bearers, &c. They are good skirmishers, and they harass the enemy by their unexpected movements; sometimes attacking in front, and sometimes in the rear. They have no regular uniform, and their usual clothing consists of dirty white trousers and jacket, a poncho, and a broad-brimmed straw hat. Many of them are not even provided with

shoes, and their spurs are fastened on their bare heels. Their arms consist of a short carbine and a sword. When the corps is strong, and is required for active service, it is placed under the command of a general of the army. In 1838, General Miller, now British consul at the Sandwich Islands, commanded a corps of 1000 Montoneros, who were in the service of Santa Cruz. They are held in the strictest discipline by their commanders, who punish theft with death. There is, however, one sort of robbery which they are suffered to commit with impunity, viz. horse-stealing. The horses obtained in this way are used for mounting the cavalry; and detachments of Montoneros are sent to the plantations to collect horses. They are likewise taken from travellers, and from the stables in the capital; but sometimes, after the close of the campaign, the animals are returned to their owners. When the war is ended, the Montoneros are disbanded, and most of them return to their occupation as highway robbers. In all campaigns the Montoneros are sent forward, by one or two days' march in advance of the main army, either in small or large detachments. When they enter a village they experience no difficulty in obtaining quarters and provisions, for the inhabitants are not disposed to refuse any thing that such visitors may demand. A troop of Montoneros is a picturesque, but, at the same time, a very fearful sight. Their black, yellow, and olive-coloured faces, seared by scars, and expressive of every evil passion and savage feeling; their motley and tattered garments; their weary and ill-saddled horses; their short firelocks and long swords,—present altogether a most wild and disorderly aspect. The traveller who suddenly encounters such a band may consider himself exceeding lucky if he escape with only the loss of his horse."

Travelling over the sand-plains, even independently of the chance of encountering these pleasant fellows, is most wearisome and dangerous. On the roads "often not a trace of vegetation is to be seen, or a drop of water to be found for twenty or thirty miles. It is found desirable to take all possible advantage of the night, in order to escape the scorching rays of a tropical sun; but when there is no moonlight, and, above all, when clouds of mist obscure the directing stars, the traveller runs the risk of getting out of his course, and at daybreak, discovering his error, he may have to retrace his weary way. This extra fatigue may possibly disable his horse, so that the animal cannot proceed further. In such an emergency a traveller finds his life in jeopardy; for should he attempt to go forward on foot he may, in all probability, fall a sacrifice to fatigue and thirst. Numbers of beasts of burden sink every year under the difficulties of such a journey; and their bones serve to mark the direction of the road. Long journeys over these sand-plains should be undertaken only with good and well-tried horses. For the most part the horses cannot stand hunger and thirst forty-eight hours without becoming so exhausted that the rider has the greatest difficulty in making them drag on; and if he is inconsiderate enough to force the animal to take a quicker pace, the horse lies down and dies. The mule, which more easily supports the difficulties of a severe journey on the sparest food, is, in Peru, the camel of the desert. Without mules a long journey on most parts of the coast would be impracticable. The horse obeys the spur until he falls dead under the rider. Not so the mule: when too weary to journey onward he stands stock still, and neither whip nor spur will move him until he has rested. After that he will willingly proceed on his way. By this means the traveller has a criterion by which he can judge of the powers of his animal."

In the mountainous interior it is as bad, or worse. "The road (for instance) between Viso and San Mateo, a distance of about three leagues, is exceedingly difficult and dangerous. The ravine becomes narrowed to a mere cleft, between walls of

mountain rising on either side to the height of more than a thousand feet; sometimes, perpendicularly, and at other times inclining inwards, so as to form gigantic arches. The path runs along the base of these mountains, washed by the foaming waves of the stream; or it winds up the side of the precipice, over huge fragments of rock, which, being loosened by the rain, afford no secure footing for the heavily-laden mules. Frequently these loosened blocks give way, and roll down into the valley. The journey from Viso to San Mateo is associated in my mind with the recollection of a most mortifying accident. A mass of rock, such as I have just described, gave way, and, rolling down the precipice, hurled one of my mules into the foaming abyss. My most valuable instruments, a portion of my collections, my papers, and—to me an irreparable loss—a diary carefully and conscientiously kept for the space of fourteen months, were in a moment buried in the river. Two days afterwards the current washed the dead mule ashore at Matucanas, but its load was irrecoverably lost. Every year many beasts of burden, and even travellers, perish on this road. In the Tambo de Viso I met an officer who, with two of his sons, was coming from the Sierra. He had placed the youngest before him, and the other, a boy of ten years of age, was seated on the mule's crupper. When they were within about half a league from Viso, a huge mass of rock, rolling down from the mountain, struck the elder boy, and hurled him into the river. The afflicted father was anxiously seeking to recover the body of his lost child."

The whole picture of this wild elevated region is remarkably characteristic of the people and the country:

"The spirit of hospitality, so generally prevalent among the Sierra Indians, does not seem to animate the Cholos of San Mateo. Their manners are rude and reserved, and they are very distrustful of strangers. As soon as a traveller enters the village, the alcalde and the rejidores make their appearance, and demand his passport. If he cannot produce it, he may possibly be put upon a donkey, and conducted to the nearest prefect, or may, moreover, run the risk of being ill-treated. But, fortunately, it is easy to escape from such annoyances. Any scrap of printed or written paper will answer for a passport, as it rarely happens that either the alcalde or the rejidores can read. On one occasion when my passport was demanded, I discovered I had lost it. Fortunately, I had in my pocket a bit of waste paper, which I had used instead of wadding in loading my gun. I ventured at all hazards to hand it to the Indian rejidor, who having unfolded it, stared very gravely at the words *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which he saw printed in large characters. It was the bill of the opera I had attended a few evenings before my departure from Lima. After examining the bill very attentively, and then scanning me very narrowly, the rejidor returned the paper, with the observation that the passport was quite correct. From San Mateo the road runs for half-a-league through a gloomy ravine; and then suddenly takes a steep ascent up the side of the mountain, over fragments of stones, lying one above another like flights of steps. The stream dashes from rock to rock, covering the narrow path with foam, and washing away the blocks of stone which, in some of the most dangerous parts, serve as barriers along the edge of the precipice. On this road long trains of mules are frequently met coming from the Sierra. The traveller, at their approach, seeks some little recess into which he may creep, and there stand closely jammed against the mountain until the train passes by. This is attended by great loss of time, owing to the slow and cautious pace at which the mules proceed. On such a rencontre in a narrow mountain path, I was once obliged to wait for several hours, whilst two hundred mules passed by; and at the spot where I and my horse stood, the laden animals had scarcely space sufficient to set down their feet at the very

edge of the pathway. In some places it is perfectly impossible either to go on one side or to turn back; and when horses or mules meet at these difficult points, one of the animals is obliged to plunge into the stream, before the other can have room to pass. The numerous curvatures of the road, and the projecting masses of mountain, render it impossible to see advancing objects in sufficient time to avoid collision. After having passed this difficult tract, which is called by the natives Cacray, we reach the summit of the acclivity down which the mountain stream descends. Here the valley presents quite the Sierra character. It is no longer confined within steep and rugged mountain walls, but runs in undulating contours along the bases of the hills, and gently ascends eastwards towards the principal chain of the Cordillera. The road is sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left bank of the river. Two leagues beyond San Mateo lies Chicla, a miserable Indian village, which, according to Maclean's calculation, is 12,712 feet above sea level. In some of the more sheltered parts barley is planted; but it does not ripen, and is merely used as fodder (*alcácer*). Chicla is the last place in this valley where the soil is in any degree capable of cultivation. Half a league further on, there are a few scattered Indian huts, called the village of Achahuari. One of these huts is a tambo, which can never be forgotten by any unfortunate traveller who may have taken up his abode in it. Necessity several times compelled me to seek a night's lodging in this horrible tambo, but I never could remain in it till morning; and even amidst snow or rain I have been glad to get out, and take up my resting-place on the outside of the door. The hostess is a dirty old Indian woman, assisted by her daughter; and the hut is filthy beyond description. For supper, the old woman cooks a vile mess called *Chupe*, consisting of potatoe and water, mixed with Spanish pepper; but it is so dirtily prepared, that nothing but the most deadly hunger would induce any one to taste it. The beds consist of sheep-skins spread on the damp floor; and one bedchamber serves for the hostess, her daughter, her grandchildren, and the travellers; an immense woollen counterpane or blanket being spread over the whole party. But woe to the unwary traveller who trusts himself in this dormitory! He soon finds himself surrounded by enemies from whose attacks it is impossible to escape; for the hut is infested with vermin. Even should he withdraw into a corner, and make a pillow of his saddle, the annoyance pursues him. Add to all this a stifling smoke, and all sorts of mephitic exhalations, and troops of guinea-pigs who run about during the whole night, and gambol over the faces and bodies of the sleepers,—and it may readily be conceived how anxiously the traveller looks for the dawn of morning, when he may escape from the horrors of this miserable tambo. Achahuari is 13,056 feet above the sea level. The climate is very ungenial. During the winter months, rain and snow fall without intermission; and even during the summer, heavy drifts of snow are not unfrequent. From April to July, the medium temperature during the night is 4° R.

"After passing Cacray the diminished atmospheric pressure begins to produce an effect on coast horses which have not been accustomed to travel in the Sierra. They are attacked with a malady called the *veta*, which shews itself by difficulty of breathing, and trembling. The animals are frequently so overpowered that they are unable either to move or stand; and if they are not immediately unsaddled and allowed to rest, they perish. The *arrieros* consider bleeding a cure for this malady. They sometimes slit the horse's nostrils, a remedy which is probably efficacious, as it enables the animal to inhale the air freely. Chopped garlic put into the nostrils is supposed to be a preventive of the *veta*. Mules are less liable to the malady, probably because they ascend the acclivities more slowly than horses."

[To be continued.]

*Ballads, &c.* By Mary Howitt. Pp. 394. Longmans. In bygone years, when met with among other productions of a like nature in periodical publications, we have generally had a kindly word to bestow on the poetical contributions of Mary Howitt. These separate flowers, together with some now in their first bloom, we believe, are here collected to form a bouquet, and handsomely bound up; as is the fashion of the day. They are of great variety—of every scent and hue. We might enumerate them as poor Ophelia does her remembrances in madness; but it would be ungenial to mix roses with rue, &c.; and therefore we will content ourselves with saying, that this is a pleasing volume, with much of grace, feeling, and beauty, though not aspiring to the topmost range of the poetic Parnassus. The amiable writer is blessed with many excellent accomplishments, and may spare the compliments due to Chaucers, Milton, Drydens, Popes, Scotts, or Byrons.

*Observations on Steam-Ships, and the Use of Iron in their Construction, &c.* By C. N. Nixon, late of the Indian Navy. Pp. 16. London, E. Wilson. THE author cites his own experience in support of the superiority which iron possesses as a material for the construction of steam-ships. And he says that all who have served in both classes of ships (wood and iron) will without hesitation agree that "the iron are not only stronger as to frame, and less liable to be injured by rocks, but are also more excellent sea-boats." Proofs of this he deduces from the voyages of the "Nemesis" and "Ariadne." Mr. Nixon admits, however, two important faults, splintering under the effect of cannon-shot, and rapid corrosion in sea-water, together with accumulation of barnacles, sea-weed, &c. The remedy suggested for both is the use of *Kamptulicon*, an elastic composition of cork and caoutchouc, as a lining and as swathing; made to adhere firmly to the iron, without bolt or bar, by means of a solution only. It is proposed also by the adhesive properties of the latter composition, to copper iron vessels without the use of screws or other metallic fastenings, the two metals being separated by the *kamptulicon*. Experiments to prove the capabilities of this material to resist shot at a long range (not Captain Warner's), and to collapse and keep out water after the passage of a shot, also to test the permanency and strength of adhesion with the solution, have been, and are being, conducted at Woolwich.

*The Wooden Walls of Old England; or, Lives of celebrated Admirals.* By Margaret F. Tyler, author of "Tales of the Great and Brave," &c. Pp. 331. Hatchard and Son.

A PRETTILY concocted effusion of patriotism, setting bright examples before the youth of England, should ever the exigencies of the country unhesitatingly call for their energies in the dreadful works of war. Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, De Saumarez, Collingwood, Sir S. Smith, and Lord Exmouth, are the patterns selected; and their memoirs are written in a style to suit the capacity and stimulate the minds of young sailors. Should these fail, they have but to look around them at this very hour for living leaders to all that is gallant in enterprise and great in perseverance, in such as our Keppell of Borneo, or our James Ross of Polar glory, or his brave associate, Crozier, and many of their companions in every form of danger and difficulty.

*Observations on the Disputes at present existing in the Corporation of London.* By A. Pulling, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 20. Butterworth. THE writer, having already published a considerable work on the City municipal, &c. laws and rights, has here very fairly stated the question at issue between the Court of Aldermen and the Common Council, the aristocracy and democracy of the capital. Difference of opinion and doubt, nevertheless, still hang over these changeable customs and uncertain authorities. The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, and we only hope does not interfere with turtle, peace, and amity.

*A Letter to Lord John Russell on Bishops.* Pp. 17. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

PRETENDS an intense love for the Church of England, to prevent or retard the entire demolition of which, advises the Premier to elect Bishops and Deans on their road to mitres from among the Parochial Clergy instead of (as now is the almost invariable practice) distinguished resident members of the Universities, the professors and heads of Colleges and Halls, or persons known only by scientific or literary fame, together with members of aristocratic families.

*Patria. La France, Ancienne et Moderne, etc.* Première Partie. 12mo, pp. 1511. Paris, Dubochet, Chevalier, et C. o.

THIS volume, printed in double columns, contains a vast fund of matter, collected and arranged, as it seems to us, with every requisite of research and care, so as to promise when completed a very perfect account of France in all its physical and intellectual bearings. A number of able writers are employed upon its separate divisions; and we have geography, geology, natural history, agriculture, finance, statistics, economics of every description, public works, army, marine, legislation, literature, fine arts, antiquities, either treated of or in preparation for the next part, in the most satisfactory manner. The work is a credit to French industry, and will long remain a mine of intelligence in regard to the history and actual condition of France. We need, therefore, hardly add, that it well deserves to be in the possession of English readers, who may turn to it for information whenever any questions of fact or circumstances arise in which that great country is concerned.

*A Glossary of Terms used in Heraldry: with a Chronological Table illustrative of its Rise and Progress.* 8vo, pp. 360. Oxford, J. H. Parker.

A FEW words, but sufficiently significant, may dispose of this volume: it is by far the best, most complete, and most convenient for reference, that we have ever met with on the subject; and printed, and got up with innumerable illustrative cuts, in a style in perfect accordance with its other excellent qualities.

*A brief Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of the Rev. Edward Pearson, D.D., late Rector of Remstone, Notts, Master of Sidney Sussex College, and Christian Advocate, Cambridge.* 8vo, pp. 148. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.: Ipswich, Shadlers.

WITH a portrait, bearing some resemblance to his great friend, the late Spencer Perceval, this memoir relates the particulars of the life of a good and cheerful man, and an orthodox member of the Church of England. His career was a safe and easy one, connected throughout with the University of Cambridge, and its honours and preferments. He published many sermons and other religious compositions; lived respected, and died before his worth and piety could be rewarded by an intended bishopric.

*The Three Reformations, Lutheran, Roman, Anglican.* By Dr. W. F. Hook, Vicar of Leeds. Pp. 90. London, J. Murray.

A PAMPHLET called forth by the late secessions from the Protestant Church at Leeds, wherein the rev. author declares his attachment to the English reformation, and denies his ever leaning to Romanism or any of its dangerous formalities.

*Works of G. P. R. James.* 8vo. Smith and Elder. THE King's Highway, one of the most able and interesting of the author's historical pictures, is the latest issue of this popular edition of his works.

*Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory for 1847.* Dublin, Thom; Lond., Longmans; Edin., Black. For every kind of information required respecting Ireland, which such publications usually supply, this volume is most laudable in copiousness, and we presume in accuracy. It is in its place fully equal, if not superior, to the best English publication of the year.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

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27 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road,  
January 19th, 1847.

SIR.—In a paragraph from St. Petersburg, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of October 3d, 1846, Prof. Mädler's period of the solar orbit is stated at 182,000,000 of years. In the report of the Royal Irish Academy, from the *Dublin Evening Post*, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of January 9th, and has performed the orbit of the press, the above-mentioned period is reduced to 18,000,000 of years, at a velocity of 8 miles per second: the distance of the sun from his primary being, in both cases, stated at 34,000,000 times that of the earth from the sun.

Now, supposing the sun to move at the earth's velocity of nearly 19 miles in a second, as Sir William Herschel conjectured, it is plain from the above that the solar period would be 34,000,000 of years; and equally so, that a period of 182,000,000 of years would suppose a velocity of not more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles in a second, and that a period of 18,000,000 of years would raise this to nearly 36 miles per second.

But as the stated rate of 8 miles in a second (the velocity of Jupiter) would suppose a period of 80,000,000 of years, permit me to query whether this number, or 82,000,000, ought not to replace the 182,000,000 years of the first statement, and the 18,000,000 of the second; and is not the original reading of Prof. Mädler overlooked in the St. Petersburg and Dublin notices?—a question of some moment to readers who may not disregard an erratum of 100,000,000 +, or 60,000,000 —, of years, in a new astronomical element.—I am, &c.

ISAAC CULLIMORE.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 7th.—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. Sir G. Back, R.N. was elected. The following paper was read: "Quelques recherches sur l'arc voltaïque; et sur l'influence qu'exerce le magnétisme, soit sur cet arc, soit sur les corps qui transmettent les courants électriques discontinus," by M. Auguste De la Rive, Foreign Member of the Royal Society, Professor in the Academy of Geneva, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, &c. In the first section of this memoir, the author gives a detailed description of the phenomena exhibited by the luminous voltaic arc, produced either in a vacuum or in atmospheric air, or in hydrogen gas, by employing electrodes of different kinds of conducting substances, in the form either of points or of plates. He examines minutely the transfer of particles which takes place from one pole to the other under these various circumstances, and the differences which occur when the currents are reversed. He observed that when positive metallic point is presented to a negative plate, particles of the former are transported by the voltaic arc, and deposited on the latter, forming a ring of a regular form, having as its centre the projection of the point on the plate. This happens in atmospheric air, whether highly rarified or of the ordinary density, but not in hydrogen gas. This deposit consists always of oxidised particles of the positive metal which forms the pointed electrode. In the case of platinum, the circular spot is of a blue colour, and presents the appearance of the coloured rings of Nobile. This effect the author is disposed to ascribe to the action of the oxygen brought by the voltaic current into that particular condition which Schœnbein first described under the name of ozone. While this deposit is taking place, a vivid blue light is emitted.

In the second section, the author investigates the action exerted by a powerful electro-magnet on the voltaic arc. He describes the remarkable modifications which the length, the form, and even the nature of the arc undergoes when the electro-magnet is brought extremely near to it, and the

magnetisation of the electrodes themselves, when they are susceptible of that affection by their approximation to the electro-magnet. He notices the singular phenomenon of a peculiar sound emitted by the luminous arc when subjected to this magnetic influence,—a sound which varies both in its nature and its intensity, according to the nature, the form, and the temperature of the electrodes, consisting sometimes of a shrill whistle, and at other times of a series of slight detonations.

The third section is devoted to the investigation of a remarkable phenomenon presented by all the conducting bodies while transmitting discontinuous electric currents, under the influence of a powerful electro-magnet; namely, the emission of a sound resembling that of the revolving toothed wheel in Savart's experiments. This sound is distinctly heard, and is peculiarly loud with prismatic bars of lead, bismuth, tin, &c. about three-quarters of an inch square and a foot and a half long, whether placed in the direction of a line joining the poles of an electro-magnet, or in a direction at right angles to such line; it was weakened only by increasing the distance between the poles and the bar. The intensity of the sound appeared to depend much less on the nature of the substance which was subjected to this action, than on its form, its volume, and its mass. All conducting bodies, whatever may be their nature or state of aggregation, are capable of yielding these sounds. They are produced by charcoal of all kinds and shape. Mercury contained in a cylindrical glass tube, of similar dimensions with the metallic bars, emits a sound of great intensity; and a still louder sound arises from a wire coiled as a helix around a cylinder of wood, and also by tubes formed of different metals. Similar phenomena are also observable by the action of a helical coil substituted for the electro-magnet.

On the whole, the author arrives at the conclusion, that the phenomena noticed in this paper are altogether molecular, and that they establish the following principles: first, that the passage of the electric current modifies, even in solid bodies, the arrangement of the particles; and secondly, that the action of magnetism in like manner produces an analogous modification in the molecular constitution of all bodies. This has already been demonstrated by Faraday in the case of transparent bodies, in its effects on polarised light; and is now extended by M. De la Rive to opaque conducting bodies, by employing, instead of polarised light, a discontinuous electric current.

## CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

December 1st.—The president in the chair. 1. On the existence of a new organic base in gun-cotton," by Mr. R. Porrett. The author is of opinion that, in the action of nitric acid on lignine or the fabric of cotton, two equivalents of oxygen are transferred from the acid to the lignine, the former of which becomes nitrous acid, and the latter a new alkaline base, which is named lignia. Gun-cotton is thus represented as nitrite of lignia. In support of this view it is shewn that gun-cotton dissolves entirely in nitric and sulphuric acids, under 180° Fahr. without decomposition, and may be precipitated by the addition of water, chemically unchanged. But when a higher temperature is applied to these solutions, nitrous acid is copiously evolved, and, in the opinion of the author, a nitrate or sulphate of lignia is formed. These supposed salts differ from the nitrite, in being soluble in water. A substance of a greyish-white colour is precipitated from them by an alkaline carbonate, which is the new base. It is soluble in water, very sparingly soluble in alcohol, and wholly insoluble in ether. It exhibits an alkaline reaction with test papers; but it is doubtful whether it has been prepared entirely free from a fixed alkaline carbonate. No crystalline salt of lignia was formed, and the further prosecution of the inquiry is left open for others by the author.

2. Extracts from a letter to Dr. Hofmann by

Baron Liebig.—Prof. Liebig communicates the results of his most recent investigations in organic chemistry, which are highly interesting. He has succeeded in demonstrating, at last, the existence of both free lactic and phosphoric acids in the substance of the muscle of animals, although separated only by a thin membrane from the blood and other alkaline fluids in the vessels. To this difference in the condition of the solid muscle and fluids, he attributes many of the galvanic effects observed by Matteucci. He has also confirmed the existence of the crystalline neutral substance creatin, first described by Chevreul, and discovered in flesh; and has also observed two new crystalline bodies present in small quantities. While investigating the action of common salt in the animal economy, he finds that the fluids, without the blood and lymphatic vessels, contain only potash salts—namely, chloride of potassium, and phosphate of potash, with phosphate of magnesia; while the blood and lymph contain only those of soda. The brine of salted meat abstracts the soluble phosphates, which are necessary to the formation of blood, and hence the scorbutic action of salted meat. The soup from boiled meat contains the soluble phosphates of the flesh, and the meat itself the insoluble: neither the soup nor the boiled meat alone can, therefore, maintain the processes of life, but both must be taken together. It is also stated, that by the oxidation of casein by the action of peroxide of manganese and sulphuric acid, M. Engelberger has obtained three curious products; namely, aldehyde, essential oil of bitter almonds, and a fluid ethereal body, with a composition analogous to metacetone. Lastly, that protein prepared by the new process of Mulder, and supposed by that chemist to be free from sulphur, still contains the element in question to the extent of 1½ per cent.

3. "On the salts of sulphurous acid," by Dr. J. S. Muspratt. This is a second and extended examination of these salts in detail by the author, in which some points of difference in his own former results and those of M. Rammertberg are explained.

4. "An analysis of the Bohemian glass," by Dr. Rowney. This is the glass so valuable for its insusceptibility in the construction of the combustion tubes used in organic analysis. Although soda was found present to the extent of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the potash, the glass appears to be essentially a silicate of lime and potash, in which the oxygen in the silicic acid is to that in the bases as 6 to 1. It gave 73 percent silicic acid,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  potash, 3 soda,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  lime, with small quantities of alumina, peroxide of iron, magnesia, and oxide of manganese, to make up the 100 parts.

## MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 9th.—Mr. J. S. Bowerbank, president, in the chair. A paper on "The application of polarised light in microscopic observation," by Mr. Legg, was read. After noticing the remarks of Dr. Brewster respecting the advantages likely to be derived from the application of polarised light in the microscopic examination of delicate structures, Mr. Legg described a series of polarising apparatus, which may be readily adapted to almost any microscope, consisting, 1st, of a number of plates of crown glass, from which the light is to be reflected at an angle of 56°, in which position one portion only of the light is refracted and another transmitted, each of which portions consists of light polarised in opposite planes,—this arrangement is the best adapted to low single powers; 2dly, a plate of tourmaline, as free from colour as possible, and cut parallel to the crystalline axis; and 3dly, a Nicols or single-image prism, being a portion of a crystal of Iceland spar, cut, and combined with a piece of glass, so as to throw out of the field of view one of the two images produced by the double refraction of the crystal. This he described as being the most eligible for the compound microscope, inasmuch as it is perfectly free from colour, and requires very little adjustment. He then de-

scribed a series of experiments, illustrating the most striking phenomena of double refraction, in which he employed the Nicols prism adapted under the stage: a double refractor adapted to the eye-piece; a film of selenite, of uniform thickness, placed in accordance with its crystalline axis; and a plate of brass perforated with holes from about one-sixteenth to one-quarter of an inch in diameter. In the first of these experiments, in which the doubly-refracting crystal was placed over the eye-piece, two distinct images appeared; one of which revolved round the other when the eye-piece was turned round, thus shewing the ordinary and extraordinary rays. In the second, the Nicols prism was applied under the stage, the other arrangements remaining the same. Upon turning the eye-piece, although two images are produced, but one is seen when half the revolution is performed, i.e. at 180° from the first position. Changes also take place at every other quadrant. In the third experiment the selenite plate was interposed; the images were now coloured, and presented the complementary colours at every quarter of a circle: when the hole in the piece of brass was of a large size, the images were seen to overlap, and white light was produced. The author concluded with some remarks upon the service likely to be rendered to microscopical investigations by the employment of polarised light.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 19th. Annual Meeting.—Sir John Rennie, president, in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Sir John Rennie; Vice-presidents, W. Cubitt, J. Field, J. M. Rendel, and J. Simpson; J. F. Bateman, I. K. Brunel, J. Locke, Sir J. Macneill, J. Miller, W. C. Mylne, T. Sopwith, R. Stevenson, G. P. Bidder, and J. Cubitt, members, and Captain Coddington and C. Holtzapffel, associates, of Council.

Telford medals were presented to Messrs. Barlow, Snell, Harding, Williams, Parkes, West, and Ritterbandt; and premiums of books to Messrs. Turnbull, Heppel, and Robertson.

Council Premiums, consisting of collections of books of considerable value, were presented to Messrs. Barlow, Snell, and Harding, in addition to the Telford medals. Succinct memoirs were given of the deceased members, Messrs. Crane, Deville, Handley, and Winsland.

The report, which stated that the institution was in a most prosperous condition, entered fully into a description of the alterations of the building during the recess. The principal works appeared to be, the remodelling the basement story, putting a portico at the entrance, and balconies to the first and second floors, and enlarging the theatre. Thanks were unanimously given to Mr. T. H. Wyatt, the architect, Mr. Grissell, the builder, and Mr. Manby, the secretary, who superintended the execution of the works.

In his address, Sir J. Rennie, after alluding to the stimulus the profession had received from the number of public works recently undertaken, and the high position which the institution had obtained from the successful labours of its various members, impressed on them the necessity of still further exertions, in order to support the scientific character they had earned. He then reviewed the progress that had been made in railway travelling and steam navigation, and made some valuable remarks upon the formation of bar harbours and the drainage of extensive districts of marsh lands. The president then remarked upon the appointment of civil engineers by government to investigate into the merits of various projects which had been submitted to the Health of Towns Commissions and observed, that if the same system had been pursued with regard to railways, the public would have derived infinitely greater advantages than they were likely to do from their present system. Sir J. Rennie concluded his able address, by thanking the officers and members of the institution for the

kindness, attention, and support which they had on all occasions exhibited towards him.

Thanks were voted to the president, vice-president, and other members of council, and to the secretary, and the meeting adjourned.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 14th.—Sir R. H. Inglis, V. P. in the chair. Mr. C. Spence exhibited a gold ring, stated to have been found about four years ago in the ruins of the priory of Fribelme, near Great Torrington, in Devonshire. In a trefciled recess, each section of which was conjectured by Mr. Spence to represent one of the persons of the Trinity, is an equilateral diamond. On one side of the ring are engraved figures of the Virgin and Child, whilst on the other is depicted the martyrdom of Thomas Becket. The prelate is represented as performing mass at the altar in chasuble, with his right hand uplifted in the act of benediction; on the altar before him the mitre, chalice, &c. On the upper part a sword is seen falling on the head of Becket; on the back of the ring is a cinquefoil, usually considered as emblematical of the five wounds of Christ. Mr. Spence considered the ring of the time of Edward IV. or Henry VII.

Sir H. Ellis exhibited some casts of seals of Richard, Count of Cornwall, of great beauty of design, and of clever workmanship; and read a paper by Mr. Steinman, on some monuments at Bruges of persons belonging to or connected with England.

A letter was then read from some person, on a visit to Rome in 1721, descriptive of the mode of living, the habits, &c. of the Pretender, then residing at Rome; and whom the writer described as immoral and upright, free from bigotry, averse to religious disputation, remarkably (in person, of course, was meant) like Charles II.; fond of Devonshire pie, &c. The writer was forcibly struck with his dignified yet affable bearing; and he narrates that on one occasion he spoke warmly against the system of mixing up the church with the state, or of allowing the clergy to be concerned in any secular or magisterial matters, thinking their whole time should be devoted to the offices of the church. The writer said, if he had been with him much longer, he should have become half a Jacobite.

Jan. 21st. Lord Mahon in the chair. Dr. Bromet communicated some observations on an early helmet, found, with a parcel of those instruments commonly termed celts, in the neighbourhood of Brescia, as we understood. Dr. Bromet expressed his opinion that the helmet was of Etruscan manufacture. A paper by Mr. Wright, on the existence of municipal corporations in England during the Saxon period of our history, was partly read. As this is a subject of some interest, and the remainder will be read next Thursday, we will then give an abstract of the whole.

## BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Jan. 13th. Council Meeting.—Several associates, among whom were Mr. B. B. Cabbell, M.P., and the Rev. F. W. Hope, president of the Entomological Society, were elected. Many donations were announced; among these, presents of woodcuts and engravings from Messrs. Bateman, White, Corner, Baily, Williams, &c. Drawings of the interesting discoveries of primeval antiquities, made by Mr. Lukis in Alderney, together with a paper in illustration, were ordered to be published in an early number of the Journal. Mr. Lukis stated that he was engaged in preparing an account of his researches on another of the Channel Islands, to follow that of Alderney.

Mr. Smith laid upon the table a letter he had received from M. De Gerville of Valognes, relative to the discovery of coins of Carausius at Rouen. M. De Gerville had applied to M. Deville, the conservateur du musée of that town, who, it appeared by the letter, discredited the truth of the report of the coins having been found there, and threw doubt on their authenticity. It was observed, that there

must be some error somewhere; as in the *Revue Archéologique* of November was a list of these very coins, purporting to have been drawn up by M. Deville himself, which list agrees precisely with the account furnished by Mr. Curt.

A letter from Mr. J. Brown, relative to the insecurity of some of the places set apart for the preservation of the public records, was read. Communications from Messrs. Sandys, Dunthorne, Artis, &c. were received.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Jan. 10th.—The President in the chair. The readings at this meeting consisted of the following communications by Mr. Birch. 1. A letter from Mr. Harris, giving an account of the excavations made on the site of Fort St. Julien, the locality of the celebrated Rosetta stone, accompanied with a drawing of the stone found in the powder-magazine, and of five others previously discovered in 1845, and also copied by Mr. Harris; from all of which it appears that the Rosetta stone was erected in a temple dedicated by Necho to the divinity Asum. 2. Part of a letter from Mr. Harris, dated Benha-el-Assal, Dec. 17th, 1846, in which he commented on an error made by M. De Sauley in the *Revue Archéologique*, relative to the name of Alexander, in Salt's Phœnician inscription. Mr. Harris gives this passage of the inscription copied with great care, and with a literal translation. "Arueris (Apollo, vide *Kom Ombo*) guardian of the upper and lower countries, who is within the wall (or rampart) of Alexandria." Mr. B. would correct in Mr. Harris's translation, "guardian" to "powerful over;" and he doubts if the cartouche of Alexander is quite right, as the latter part ought to read *ander* instead of *terer* as in his copy. Mr. Harris mentioned also that he had just returned from Bubastis, but found very few remains of the temple of the great goddess. Mr. Harris could only collect five pieces of inscriptions from as many blocks of granite; and of one of these containing the name and prenomens of Har-necht-heli or Necht-her-heli, the supposed Amyrtæus, and the name and titles of Neith, and of a goddess who is there represented with a head much resembling that of a cat. Mr. Harris found no representation of the square-eared god Nubti or Nub-nub (Nubri), the Ombo of Wilkinson (*Modern Egypt*, vol. i. p. 429), and only one of the lion-headed goddess. 3. Mr. Birch then proceeded to read a highly interesting paper on the statistical tablet of Karnak, consisting of the translation, with remarks, of an inscription carved in bas-relief on the right-hand wall entering into the granite sanctuary. This was first copied by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and published in the *Hieroglyphics* of Dr. Young, by the Royal Society of Literature, before its removal to the Louvre, in whose magazine it now lies. It has been since republished by Dr. Lepsius in his *Selections of most important Monuments for Egyptian History*. The object of this tablet was to record the tributes and conquests of Thothmes, in connexion with the enormous dotation made by the monarch to the granite sanctuary. A great part of it relates to the conquest of Mesopotamia, the earliest notice of which occurs on a tablet of calcareous stone in the Louvre, published also by Dr. Lepsius, recording the services of an officer of state, named Amasis and surnamed Penseben or Pensuen, who had served under the monarch Amasis I., when he had taken two living hands in some country, the name of which is gone; under Amenophis I. he had made one captive in Kesh or *Æthiopia*, and three hands in Amu Kehak; under Thothmes I. he had taken two captives in Kesh or *Æthiopia*, and twenty-one hands, one horse, one chariot, in Mesopotamia. In the reign of Thothmes II. he had taken prisoners several of the Shos or Phœnician shepherds. In return he received of the king, Amenophis I., two armlets of gold, two collars, one buckle, one poignard; from Thothmes I., two bracelets and four collars, a brooch, and armlet of gold, decorated (?) with golden lions, and two war

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hatchets; and from Thothmes II., bracelets, six collars, three brooches, with armlets, and one silver hatchet. The statistical tablet mentions thirteen expeditions, and that ten was in the thirty-fifth regnal year; indeed the whole, when complete, probably extended above the fortieth year, and there is no trace in the text of the regent-ester Amen-nun-Ha-asu, who appears to have been first suspended in the government, and finally struck out all through Egypt. The fifth expedition was in his twenty-ninth year. The monarch takes the first vava, and received from the chief of Tun 329 men, 100 ingots of silver, 10 ingots of gold, brass, and copper, and vessels of lead (?) and iron. He subsequently attacks the fort of the Aruta, conjectured by Dr. Hinckes to be Ararat. In the Salilee Papyrus which affords us additional information on this subject, the chief of the Aruta is said to be of the land of the Maasu, who are probably the mountaineers of the Masu Montes. In the sixth expedition the king had reached the fortress Atesh or Ati, which has been conjectured to be Khabesh, Haddasa of the Amorites by Mr. Osburn, and Edessa by Dr. Hinckes. It is attacked by Sethos I.; formed the subject of the great campaign of Rameses II., and the fourteenth fortress attacked by Rameses III., and is said to be Atesh of the land of Amaur of the land of the Takar, which latter name bears much resemblance to Tochari, and a possible one to the Dighlath or Tigris. But the accents of the Atesh is evidently that on the Bactrians described by Diodorus. The king had received the submission of the Ruten, the Zuelim of Rosellini, and Amorites of Mr. Osburn; and their children or brethren had been dragged as hostages to Egypt. They had offered as tribute forty chariots plated with silver and one with gold. On the 3d of Pachons, thirty-first year of the king's reign, 490 captives or slaves had been led out of the fort Petruhr, or Pethor, or Petra. This probably closed the seventh expedition. In the mutilated text here we have part of the tribute of some other people; wood by the inch, ell, and cane; 104 zebu calves (?) 172 calves, 4622 goats, and 40 bricks of iron (late-rari-ferri), lead, white bread, sesamum (?), conserves, frankincense, and honey were supplied. In the thirty-second year the king was again in the Ruter ploughing the land of Mesopotamia, there is subsequently mentioned 30 women, 80 captives, 606 pure men, women, and children. Nine or Nineveh is subsequently mentioned, as well as that the king when he had come set up a tablet to enlarge the frontiers of Egypt, which is also recorded in the reign of his successor on a tablet of the Pumah quarries.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 2d.—Mr. C. Elliott in the chair. J. Finn, Esq., H.B.M. Consul at Jerusalem, was elected a corresponding member of the Society. A paper, by Mr. C. Masson, was read, relative to the geographical position of the Nysean plains, concerning which there have been great differences of opinion among geographers, some placing these celebrated pastures at Kermanshaw, others near Caswin, and in different localities, none of them possessing the natural features which answer to the description left by ancient writers. The ancient account, however, was contradictory. Arrian and Diodorus state that Alexander, in his route from Susan to Ecbatana, after passing Mount Zagros, encamped on these plains, where 60,000 horses were feeding; and that, after quitting his camp, he reached the metropolis of Media in a march of seven days. Now this statement points to a locality about 100 miles from Ecbatana; and there is no other place that corresponds to such a position but the pastures of Ardelan, which lie to the north of Kermanshaw, and are still celebrated for the breed of horses fed upon them.

Other accounts seem to locate the Nysean plains on the route of those travelling from Persia or Babylon to the Caspian Gate; and would thus place them in quite a different part of Persia. Mr. Mas-

son, from the observations made by himself in a journey on that very route, concludes that the locality thus described must be the horse pastures of Kush Kézard, to the south of Ispahan, where the royal stud of Persia was sent to graze in the time when the court resided at Ispahan, and where the horses of the Viceroy of Shiraz are still sent.

The solution of this difficulty Mr. Masson finds in the account of Strabo, who, in his description of the pastures which he calls Hippobatus, says that they are on the road from the capital of Persia to the Caspian Gate; and that some writers supposed that they produced the celebrated Nysean horses, while others stated that Armenia was the country from which the race originally came. Mr. Masson concludes that Ardelan is the site of the true Nysean plains; and that this position might be geographically considered as pertaining to Armenia, although such was not the case when Strabo wrote; at the same time that the Hippobatus of Strabo was the plain of Kush Kézard, whose superior extent and greater capabilities raised its celebrity above that of the true Nysean plains, so much farther removed from the capital of Persia. He is finally of opinion that this superiority caused the site of the Nysean plains to be forgotten in the age when Strabo wrote; and he thus accounts for the confused notions of more ancient writers intimated in the description above referred to of the plain of Hippobatus.

Jan. 16th.—Prof. Wilson in the chair. A short extract was read from a letter recently received from Major Rawlinson, referring to the arrow-headed inscriptions in the Babylonian character. The Major states his opinion that those of Van are in a language allied to the Armenian and Turkish, and that he has found in them the names of the historical kings of Armenia. The excavations of Nineveh are proceeding rapidly, and producing a variety of highly interesting inscriptions, in which he has found about fifty historical names, in some instances connected in a genealogical series. Major Rawlinson expects the most interesting results from this accumulation of monuments; but he is not yet prepared to speak with certainty about them.

The Secretary read a paper from the Rev. C. Gutzlaff, containing replies to a number of queries, prepared some months ago by Sir George Staunton, and sent to China by the Society. These questions refer to almost every branch of knowledge on which information is desirable; and we can only select a few salient points, premising that the writer generally limits his remarks to Hong Kong, Ningpo, and Chusan.

The consumption of opium is a prominent subject of discussion: at Hong Kong, where the population comprises many desperate adventurers and criminals, the scum of the adjacent islands, the consumption is enormous. The revenue on the article is farmed at 1560 dollars per month, which will argue a sale of at least twenty times that amount; and more than half this quantity is smoked by the inhabitants of the island, about 20,000 persons. At Chusan, on the other hand, where the population is thirteen times as great, not one-fifth of the above quantity is imported—an index of the disposition of the people, who are sober and well conducted. Many of the smokers are soldiers, sailors, and mandarins, who appear to think it a manly habit, as indicating a bold recklessness: the peasantry hardly ever touch it.

Mr. Gutzlaff's position as police-magistrate of Chusan afforded the best means of knowing the character of the people; and he says that the persons brought before him rarely averaged above three in a month, and these chiefly for petty pilfering. He gives, however, a remarkable instance of Lynch-law, which tells rather oddly for the strength of the Chinese government, as well as for European notions of pacific conduct. Some outlaws, who were said to have been employed by the government to kidnap our soldiers, settled themselves at Chusan, where they committed all

kinds of depredations in the neighbourhood: they were warned off, but they treated the warning with contempt. The popular indignation was roused: the ruffians were seized, put on board a boat, with stones tied about their necks; and then quietly dropped into the sea. Nothing was ever after heard of this affair. The Chinese law is theoretically excellent, but utterly disregarded in practice. The mandarin appears to have the power of life and death; and, he certainly has the power to inflict any degree of torture, even such as may cause death. In order to get rid of the legal necessity of procuring the imperial assent before putting a criminal to death, blank forms of assent are kept to be filled up when wanted; and the condemned man is executed, often before the court breaks up. Schools are numerous at Hong Kong, and in the south generally, and almost all can read; while at Chusan and at Ningpo, ignorance of letters is very frequent; and even literary graduates are inferior in acquirements to the older school-boys of Kwang-tung, from which it would appear that education in China is far from producing the moral results which usually attend its extension in Europe. There is no practical provision for the poor; and thousands annually die of starvation. Mendicity is universal, and begging fraternities are numerous and well-organised: a beggar can hardly ever exercise his calling without joining one of these bodies.

Mr. Gutzlaff thinks the Chinese the most prolific nation in the world: all marry, and not one marriage in a hundred is unproductive. In the census which he made of Tinghae, a city containing 30,000 inhabitants, there was but one unmarried female, and she was an English lady. He also states that wherever they have settled, whether in Thibet, Manchuria, or Mongolia, they rapidly became more numerous than the aborigines. The mass of the people know nothing of the politics of their country; and are scarcely aware that their government is held by a prince of foreign descent. Mr. Gutzlaff never heard any denunciations against the Tartars, except amongst the literati and a few of the bigoted Chinese.

Idolatry appears to have decreased considerably, in consequence of the success of the British, and of the non-resistance of the idols in the many cases in which their shrines were desecrated by our soldiers. In a number of instances this passiveness has caused their entire rejection and removal. Christianity has made some advances; Catholic and Protestant places of worship have been built, and native Protestant converts have, in several instances, established churches in the interior. One native bookseller has even promised to publish a New Testament. The Chinese government appears to look on with indifference; and the indigenous priesthood have in no case stood up in defence of their dogmas.

Mr. Gutzlaff finally thinks that the native mind is improving where the people come into contact with Europeans; and the greatest liberality of feeling prevails in very many instances, though not yet in a sufficient degree to produce any effect on a large scale.

## SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the 12th ult., a communication was read from Dr. E. Hincks "On the Himyaritic Inscriptions," in which the attention of the society was drawn to two facts: 1st. The inscriptions which have been published were not written with precisely the same alphabet. Six modifications of the alphabet, from six different inscriptions, were exhibited; and it was proposed to reduce the inscriptions to three classes, which must be ascribed to different ages. 2d. Two of the inscriptions are distinctly dated; one of these at San'a in the 573d year; and the other line inscription, at Hisn Ghorab, in the 640th year. The numbers are written at full length, as on the Kufic coins. Dr. Hincks supposes that the epoch is that of the Seleucidae; it being well known that Hadramaut had intimate relations with coun-

tries using this era, and two characters of the alphabet being Greek ones reversed. Both these inscriptions belong to the most ancient of the three classes. These facts had led him to the conclusion, that the Ethiopic characters (which, in the earliest inscriptions found in Ethiopia, are written from right to left) were derived from the Himyaritic ones. A few remarks were subjoined on grammatical forms in the Himyaritic language, which appeared to be distinct from any other, though resembling both the Arabic and the dialects of the Ethiopic in different parts.

2. A communication was read from Miss Fanny Corboux "On the physical geography of the country intervening between the head of the Gulf of Suez and the Mediterranean," illustrated by a section taken along the line of the lowest points in the deep trough across the isthmus, in which the ancient sea channel once flowed. Miss Corboux pointed out the confusion which had arisen from there being now two basins occupied by so-called Bitter Lakes, while the ancients only knew one. The structure and eras of formation of the different barriers were distinctly pointed out; and it was argued that before the first of these was raised, the two seas were one, and had the same level.

3. A communication from Captain Newbold, F.R.S., &c., Madras army, dated Alexandria, Dec. 10th, 1846, was read, upon certain hieroglyphic inscriptions recently disinterred in excavating the ground for the fortifications at Alexandria, a little south of the Rosetta gate, between it and the gate leading out to Pompey's Pillar. Five of these inscriptions were taken from a fine red granite column, with ribbed sides and lotus capital; a sixth from a smaller granite column, lying about forty yards from the first. From the vast substructions of square brick and stone in alternate layers, magnificent plain and fluted columns of red granite, marble, and breccia, marble pedestals, and large hewn blocks of limestone dug up in the same vicinity, Captain Newbold expressed his opinion that a large temple, probably of the Ptolemies, stood upon the spot; to adorn which, the columns covered with hieroglyphics and cartouches, which refer to the epoch of the Pharaohs, were brought from some ruined edifice of olden Egypt. Captain Newbold's communication also contained copies of hieroglyphic inscriptions; one from the village of Abu Ruash, near the pyramid of the same name; and another from a cartouche on a granite pillar in the wheat market, Rosetta.

#### THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

##### IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

We rejoice to observe from the later reports of this Academy, how well directed are its pursuits, and how valuable the results. In November, Mr. Clibborn read an able notice on some bronze antiquities in the museum, in which he stated that he had lately detected iron cores in the centre of the bronze composing the mouthpieces of several ancient horse-bits in the museum. The fact was interesting, as it appeared to prove that, at the time these bits were manufactured, iron was a cheaper metal than bronze, it being used to save so much of the latter. It might, however, have been used for the purpose of chilling the bronze which composed the lateral rings, when their material in the molten state flowed through the openings in the mouth-pieces and formed these rings, which would otherwise have adhered to the mouth-pieces. In the museum are many specimens of bronze castings, united by a process of this kind; yet there is no example of hard soldering, which appears to be a more modern invention. The principle of covering iron with bronze in the fluid state is exhibited in the fabrication of the folded or lapped iron bells in the museum, which are, in several instances, covered with bronze or brass, perfectly adhering to the iron surface. The bronze fills up the folds and joints, thus preventing any false vibration, and the bell sounds as if it were composed of one piece

of metal. He also directed the attention of the meeting to the resemblance between the patterns on some curious antique plates in the museum, and the details of a certain ornament very common in the initial letters in the manuscript books of Kells, in the college library, and the book of Armagh, now deposited in the museum of the Academy. He was disposed to infer, that these plates were of the same time as the MSS., or even earlier; for Mr. Westwood, who was the first to notice the resemblance, considered the pattern on them to be the type or original of the designs in the illuminations. This would support the conjecture that these plates were intended for Christian purposes, as patens, or communion plates, probably; though the designs differ so very much from those of a later period. The size and materials of these plates are the same as those of the *Mias Tighearnai*, which may have been used as a paten also. This is rendered probable by the fact, communicated by the Rev. Dr. Kelly of Maynooth, that he had seen patens of the same size, also made of copper, in use in the south of France. One of the plates in the museum forms a cover for another, and is pierced with an opening, which is over a hollowed part of the under plate. The arrangements and proportions of the parts are such as to lead us to suspect that these plates, when placed together, may have formed a sort of poorbox, the alms having been dropped through the opening into the cupped part of the lower plate. It may be also observed that, on the most perfectly finished portion of one of these plates, there is the evident wear or impression of the thumb of a person who had, for a considerable time, handled it in the way a mendicant would, who might present it for alms. The back of this plate, and one of the others, has marks of fire on it. Mr. Clibborn also stated that a visitor to the Academy lately recognised these plates, as being very similar to two others, also composed of copper, which had been recently found in Armagh, and which he hoped would be soon deposited in the museum, as they had been freely offered to our collection. Some light may thus be thrown on the use of these curious articles, which have hitherto been called shields; there being no evidence as to their original use, nor until lately was there any suspicion entertained of their belonging to the Christian period. From the perfection of the workmanship, and from some analogies in it and in the designs, it was also inferred that the large trumpets in the museum might have been fabricated by artists of the same school as those who constructed the patens.

##### SCANDINAVIAN.

Following up this species of inquiry at another meeting, Mr. J. J. A. Worsaae, of Copenhagen, being requested to give an account of the formation of the museum of antiquities in that city, made a communication to the following effect:

"It is a very well known fact, that but few countries in the north of Europe escaped invasion or conquest by the Romans. Among those few, however, Ireland and Denmark are specially to be named; and on that account it is certainly more than a mere accident that these two countries are in possession of some of the best collections of national antiquities in Europe. I have had the opportunity of repeatedly inspecting the very interesting collection of the Academy, and it has been told me, that the comparatively large number of Irish antiquities there assembled has been brought together in a short time, but under circumstances of considerable difficulty. Our collection of national antiquities in Denmark has likewise been founded under great disadvantages; and perhaps it will not be without interest to the Academy, if only in that respect, to get a short history of its foundation, progress, and present state. About forty years ago, the general character of scientific pursuits was, in our country, much the same as in most other parts of Europe: great pains were spent in collecting all sorts of objects illustrating the changes of the globe upon which we live, and the distribution and habits

of animals and plants, in short, all the departments of natural history; whilst, strange to say, people for the most part neglected *traces of men*, the remains, not only of their own ancestors, but also of all the different races who have been spread over the world. The antiquities, with the exception of those of Roman and Greek origin, were regarded as mere curiosities, without any scientific value; and they were generally found in collections mixed up with petrifications and other objects, with which they had little or no connexion. It was not until after the French Revolution that the value of ethnology, as a most important branch of science, was seen in its proper light. With a greater respect for the political rights of the people, there awakened in the nations themselves a deeper interest in their own history, language, and nationality. Since that time there have been formed antiquarian societies, and collections of national antiquities, in most European countries; in Germany alone there exist at present more than eighty societies, formed for the preservation and collection of national antiquities, which, as I hope, is sufficient to shew that an earnest effort is now being made to do what undoubtedly has been too long neglected.

"Denmark was one of the first countries in which a collection of national antiquities was founded, and no wonder, because the olden time was that in which Denmark, together with the two other Scandinavian countries, Norway and Sweden, was in its greatest power. I shall only recall to your memory, that the weapons of the Scandinavian warriors had at that time conquered the coasts of the Baltic, a great part of the British islands, of France, and some parts of Spain and Italy; that, crossing the Atlantic so early as in the ninth and tenth century, they colonised Iceland and Greenland, and put their foot upon the mainland of America. It was immediately after great national calamities, that the attention of the Danish people was turned to that early period of their history, as a time from the contemplation of which their spirit of nationality might gain support, and in whose memories they found the hope of a new and equally glorious era again. The north, too, has this great advantage, that a complete picture of the life of the old time has been preserved in the remarkable Icelandic sagas, which certainly, compared with other literary remains of that time, in regard to style and representation of character, are almost unique. In the year 1807, the Danish government, in compliance with the request of several literary men, appointed a royal committee for the preservation and collection of national antiquities; but the unfortunate war with England hindered the committee, for the first seven or eight years, from making much progress. After the restoration of peace, it happened that a young man, a merchant's son in Copenhagen, who, from his earliest childhood, had felt a great interest in all sorts of antiquities, was appointed secretary of this royal committee. He found a few antiquities, mixed up with the most curious things, in a small room in the library of the University. He commenced with exceedingly small grants, and under very great difficulties. He had not only to contend with the prejudices of the unlearned, but also with the conflicting opinions and baseless theories of the learned men. Some believed that the antiquities of iron were the oldest, because they were most corroded; others believed that the antiquities of brass were older than the antiquities of stone; others, again, supposed that the wealthy men had used iron, the middle classes brass, and the poor stone. However, he opened his small collection for public inspection; was always present on the public days for the purpose of shewing and explaining the antiquities; and when peasants happened to visit the collection, he paid particular attention to them, 'because,' as he said, 'it is by them we shall have our collection enlarged.' For many years he continued to shew the collection, and to diffuse an interest in the old remains through-

out the country, and all this without receiving any pecuniary emolument, I ought rather to say, at very considerable expense to himself. At last, the collection became so large, that the room in the library was far from furnishing sufficient accommodation; and the constantly increasing interest in the collection, and fresh donations of antiquities, made its removal necessary. After many difficulties, he made a great step in advance, by getting rooms in the royal palace, 'Christiansborg' in Copenhagen. He then fully carried out his idea of arranging the Pagan antiquities into three periods, the *stone, brass, and iron periods*, which he was the first to point out to antiquaries. It was not long before the collection acquired a great name on the Continent; all foreigners spoke about it as one of the most remarkable collections in the north of Europe. The government evinced more and more interest in the museum, and the public began to regard it as a national treasure. In the mean time, the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries in Copenhagen had published many of the remarkable Icelandic sagas, through which the people got more knowledge of the importance of the olden time than they had hitherto possessed. The Society published in its annals descriptions of the antiquities of the museum, and published separately popular tracts, illustrated with woodcuts, on the value and importance of preserving the antiquities, many thousand copies of which were spread over the country, among clergymen, schoolmasters, and peasants. From all sides and all parts of the country antiquities were presented to the museum; and it has now been enlarged to such an extent, that when the new arrangement, which is now going on, is finished, it will occupy about ten rooms of the royal palace. His Majesty the present King of Denmark, whose great zeal for the promotion of literature and science is well known, and his Royal Highness the Crown Prince, are both most anxious to make this collection still larger and more important. The real founder of the museum, about whom I spoke above, the present councillor of state, C. J. Thomsen, has had the gratification of seeing his extraordinarily energetic efforts crowned with the most signal success. In order to give some idea of the extent of the museum, I shall only mention, that it contains more than three thousand specimens of implements of stone; a very large room is filled with antiquities of brass, among which are complete shields, and several large trumpets of war, between two and three hundred complete swords and daggers of brass, several hundred celts and brass hatchets, lance-heads, ornaments, &c. As many specimens as possible, even of the most common things, are collected, because true historical results can be deduced only from a long series, shewing that the various articles were in common use. Among the antiquities of the bronze and iron periods are to be seen a great number of rings, and other ornaments of silver and gold; I should say a larger number than I have found in any other collection. It was formerly a law in our country, that all antiquities of silver and gold which were found in the earth must be surrendered to the Crown, without any recompence to the finder; the effect of which was, that most of those things were melted and made away with. The King, therefore, ordered that the finders of antiquities of silver and gold should receive the full value of the articles when they sent them into the Royal Collection; and that they should get more than the real value when the specimens were uncommonly rare, or when particular pains had been taken to find or preserve them. I am happy to say, that the museum now gets very nearly all the antiquities of silver and gold which are found in our country, particularly as they are paid for by the government out of a peculiar fund.

"I have thought that it would not be without interest to the Academy, to see how a large collection has been formed, in about thirty years, by energetic exertions, continued in spite of great difficulties; and how the collection, after those

difficulties have been overcome, now stands as a national monument, supported alike by the government and by the people."

The author promised at another meeting to institute a short comparison between the antiquities in the Irish and Danish collections. "It is only (he observed) through such a comparison of the antiquities in different countries that a new light will be thrown over the many dark periods of the early history of Europe; and I hope that the connexion which in ancient times existed between Ireland and Scandinavia will give me a peculiar advantage in illustrating the origin and use of some antiquities in the collection of the Academy."

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:

*Monday.*—Geographical, 8½ P.M., the Secretary will conclude his paper "On the history and in explanation of the various systems by which the relief of the ground is represented on topographical maps;" Entomological (annual meeting), 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

*Tuesday.*—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.

*Thursday.*—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.

*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M., Prof. Owen "On the type of the Vertebrate Skeleton;" British Archaeological, 8½ P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.

*Saturday.*—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

Paris, January 19th, 1847.

THE 15th of January is the anniversary of Molière's birth. On that day the Théâtre Français usually gives a special performance in honour of that admirable poet, and this year selected amongst his many master-pieces, a comedy which has not been played for a considerable time, for the purpose of reproducing it on the stage with all the splendour which new costumes and new decorations could lend. All the personages, even the most unimportant, were represented by our best performers; and to quote but one instance, M. Ligier, who is entrusted with the first-rate parts in tragedy, undertook the character of a beggar in rags, who barely says a few words.

The play to which I have alluded, the *Festin de Pierre*, was borrowed by Molière from a comedy of Terso de Molina (*El Convivado de Piedra*); but the structure, and especially the philosophical bearing, of it has been singularly altered by the French author. I know not whether you are acquainted with the original legend upon which Terso de Molina founded his drama. It was an Andalusian tradition which the monks of St. Francis had already converted into one of those old *Mysteries*, an *Auto-Sacramental*. Here it is in its original shape: A young nobleman, son of one of the Twenty-four of Seville, Don Juan Tenorio, having eloped with the daughter of a commander of St. Jacques, Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, was challenged by the latter, whom he killed in a duel. The Ulloa family erected to the memory of the deceased a magnificent tomb in the convent of the Franciscans, which they specially protected. They afterwards prosecuted Don Juan, whose punishment they ardently sought. But the Tenorio family possessing much influence in the country, the King of Spain for a long time eluded the petitions which reached him on every side, praying that Don Juan might be chastised for his misconduct.

The Franciscans seeing that little satisfaction was to be expected in that quarter, betook themselves to seeking the intervention of Divine justice where human justice seemed to fail them. Under some pretence or other, they decoyed Don Juan within the precincts of their monastery, from which he never again emerged. According to their story, he had dared to provoke the deceased commander; and this sacrilegious insult had been punished by the statue of his deceased vic-

tim, which had seized him, and drawn him into the depths of an abyss which suddenly yawned beneath their feet. But the sceptic minds of the time doubted the authenticity of this opportune miracle, and contended that the vindictive monks had very simply cut the throat of Don Juan, to punish him for having ill-used one of their patrons.

The Spanish dramatists have, it need scarcely be added, adopted the most marvellous version of the two. Terso de Molina, in the first instance, and Zamaora, who, a hundred years later, treated the same subject, have represented Don Juan not exactly as an atheist, but as a rake, a good-for-nothing, a seducer of young girls and young women; who, relying on his courage, on his strength, and his youth, postpones to a yet distant old age all ideas of repentance. "I have plenty of time before me;" such is his favourite maxim. And the aim of the Spanish plays—their moral—which is clearly indicated, is to show that this is a notion which is false, impious, and abominable; that chastisement reaches a culprit when least expected; and that, in the end, the day of payment always comes round. "No hay que deude no se paga," the title of one of them, clearly indicates this idea.

Molière, on his part, taking second-hand these data, saw here an opportunity of exhibiting on the stage one of those *esprits forts*, those conceited sceptics of the 16th century, such as Montaigne and Charron, whose successor he was, and whose tenets he secretly held, as a pupil of Gasendi, and a school-fellow of Bernier, of Chapelle, of Hesnault. His Don Juan,—he takes care to let this be known in each scene,—is a man who knows what he is about; who has systematised, if we may so speak, his incredulity; who believes neither in God nor the devil; and to whom, in the end, he always gives the best of the discussion in all the controversies which his valet Sganarelle has so much pleasure in raising upon these delicate points. This ironical intention, which may on perusal not be very apparent, becomes quite manifest in the representation, so as to strike the least observant mind. And many men in consequence, and I speak here of the most learned, came out of the Théâtre Français the other night with new notions as to the deep scepticism of our first comic poet.

The *Festin de Pierre* was written two years before the *Tartuffe*, and it is quite evident that the germ of the latter play lies wholly in the speech on the advantages of hypocrisy which Don Juan delivers in the beginning of the fifth act. This circumstance must lead us to the conclusion that, in attacking *false devotion*, Molière in reality wilfully sought to attack the very foundations of *religion*; and that devout souls in their alarm were not quite in the wrong when they so strenuously endeavoured to oppose the representation of this marvellous satire.

The carnival has come round again, with its usual accompaniments of balls, routs, masquerades; but it is generally felt that the disasters of the summer will check the pleasures of the winter. Not but that our Parisian *insouciance* would take little heed of the disturbances which agitate a part of the Touraine, or of the wretchedness which the inundations have entailed on the Orléannais, and *a fortiori*, of the distress which weighs upon Ireland, albeit she is Catholic; but public security is in jeopardy, the funds are at a low ebb, people feel the pressure upon their pockets, and very naturally close them with a tighter grip. This, however, has not deterred the Duc de Gallera, a rich Italian, who has realised enormous profits in railroads, from giving yesterday a splendid *fête*, in which, amongst other guests, Lord and Lady Normanby appeared for a few moments. The Duc de Gallera had converted the garden of his mansion into a vast temporary saloon, so constructed as to afford room for 500 persons. The usual apartments were but accessories and galleries to this immense room.

The Gymnasium has presented us with a vaudeville in two acts, by M.M. Scribe and Dupin. These gentlemen have undertaken to cook up, ac-

cording to their wont, the youth of Goethe. They shew him arriving at the court of Saxe Weimar, where he meets again that Marguerite, whom he had so much loved at Frankfort, under the protection of an intriguing countess. This countess has resolved, in concert with two other courtiers, to prevent the marriage of the young Grand Duke with I know not what princess. For this purpose they have begun by bribing the courier of the embassy, who has the commission of bringing to the court of Saxe Weimar the portrait of the *sérénissime* betrothed; and the portrait, altered by a few touches of the pencil, shews her in a most unfavourable light to her future husband. Then, as it had been remarked that the young prince took a special interest in the youthful Marguerite, the conspirators endeavour further to inflame this growing passion; and to attain that end they organise dramatic representations, in which the prince and the young girl, performing the parts which require most tenderness, will have numberless opportunities of speaking to each other. Goethe, arriving in the mean while, shews feelings of spite and jealousy, which Marguerite has the right to consider unjust, for she has not received any letters from the poet since he has left Frankfort. She knows not that their correspondence has been intercepted. All this brings about a misunderstanding, which would to a certainty forward the designs of the ambitious countess, if a personage whom she would, doubtless, least suspect did not unexpectedly thwart all her plans.

This personage is the grandfather of Goethe, Maitre Jean, an inn-keeper near Weimar. By a strange concatenation of circumstances, which it would be idle to detail, he finds himself admitted for a few hours at the court of the Grand Duke, and invited to be present at the representation of one of his grandson's comedies. Maitre Jean, however, blunders both as to time and place, and eventually finds himself concealed in an orange-grove where the countess and her two accomplices have taken rendezvous, and where they speak openly as to the intrigue by means of which they have contrived to abuse the confidence of the young prince. Maitre Jean, who imagines that he has been all the while listening to the comedy, deems it rather a tedious one, and when first he meets the prince again, expresses his discontent after a very blunt fashion. His highness, who at first cannot make out the meaning of this rehearsal, of which he knows nothing, endeavours to draw out the old inn-keeper. He then learns how unworthily and foolishly he has bestowed his confidence on intriguing courtiers, and how he had well nigh been the dupe of a weak device. I need scarcely add what follows: the disgrace of the culprits, the marriage of the Crown Prince with the princess destined for him by his uncle, and, as a consequence, the marriage of Goethe with Marguerite.

The play of M. Ponsard, *Agnes de Méranie*, appeared in print three days ago. It obtains on perusal a success which augurs well for the future destinies of the young poet.

Mdile. Rachel and M. Ponsard were both present at the sitting of the French Academy on the day when M. C. de Remusat was received. They shook hands on meeting, and this exchange of courtesies is, so it is said, the ratification of a sort of treaty by which they both engage to work in future for each other's welfare. They undoubtedly will both profit by this, for *Agnes de Méranie*, very badly played at the Odéon, does not elicit in that theatre the full triumph to which such a play seems entitled: and, on the other hand, Mdile. Rachel has not yet met amongst our living poets a man who could write a character thoroughly suited to her.

An amateur of the fine arts here has just published a nomenclature of the paintings and engravings, of which the *Divina Commedia* of Dante has furnished the subject. This is a very curious document, which, if you have any wish for it, I will give you in its integrity. In the mean while I will enumerate the most striking portions of it. These are:

The *Inferno Dantesco*, an Italian engraving in a very scarce work entitled *Monte Sancto di Dio di Antonio* (Bettini da Sierra, Florentia, Nicolo di Lorenzo, 1477): a copy of this work, found in the library of Lord Spencer, was sold in London in 1721, for 731. 10s. The *Count Ugolino*, of Reynolds, purchased by the Duke of Dorset. *Francesca e Paolo*, by M. Ingres. Two *Francescas*, by M. Scheffer: one is represented narrating her death to Dante; the other is wading through the infernal regions of darkness with her unfortunate accomplice. The frescoes of Orcagna, in the cathedral of Florence, executed in accordance with the earnest wishes of a certain Maestro Antonio, who, in the first fifty years of the fifteenth century, gave public lectures in this same cathedral on the *Divina Commedia*. The frescoes of the Casino Massimi, at Rome, executed by Cornelius; the paintings in the church of San Petrone, at Bologna; those in the cathedral of Orvieto, by Luca Signorelli; those of Giotto, in the church of the SS. Annunziata dell'Arena, at Padua; the *Paradise* of Tintoretto, in the grand council-chamber at Venice; the paintings of the Abbey of Sesto, &c. &c.

Music also drew inspiration from the epic poem of Dante. Vincent Galilei, the father of the celebrated philosopher, set to music *il lamento del Conte Ugolino*. The 33d canto (the *Ugolino*) was published at Naples in 1827, set to music by G. Donizetti, and dedicated to Lablache; the same labour had been bestowed upon it by another composer, N. Zingarelli, who died at Naples in 1837. In fact, according to Count Galvani (*Osservazione sopra la Poesia de Trovatori*, Modena, 1829, p. 29), it may be presumed that many cantos of Dante were set to music in the course of the 16th century by Josquin, by Villaert, and other Flemish composers.

#### ORIGINAL,

#### AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

##### DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

Heinrich Theodor Rötscher.

[Continued from No. 1563, p. 20.]

By the first process in our treatment of the Work of Art, it was to the question "What?" that we sought to give ourselves an answer. But now, the quickening spirit having been allowed to return again to its chosen dwelling, we have to view the work in its completeness—in its totality; when the body is transfigured by the soul, which, essence, spirit as it is, does still impress on the matter which it animates a form respondent to its nature; not at variance, but harmonising with itself.

And as the true worth and absolute importance of the first can only be fully understood when we recognise it in the form and manner in which it presents itself to our view, it is to the question "How" it does so? that we have now to give ourselves a satisfactory answer. The several parts of a thing, when separated and taken singly, not only interest the generality more, but are easier of conception than the thing itself in all its comprehensive unity. The minds capable of taking in such a view of a work must be particularly constructed; nor are they numerous. Besides, the task may occasionally cost us a pang, for it demands a sacrifice of our feelings; it calls upon us, as it were, to give up much that is dear to us individually, for the higher motive of the common weal. We come not seldom in the situation of one who, in the service of his country, is forced to decide between private affection and stern public duty.

To the task, however, that we have to do. The way in which the free, the impalpable thought assumes form,—a real and circumscribed form: how it is that the Infinite takes upon itself a finite being,—how the Spirit can thus corporealise itself, is justly termed a mystery. It is as mysterious as the imparting to offspring the figure or qualities of the parent; as the impression stamped upon the human countenance by the powers of the soul. If a solution be attempted, it is only to be obtained

by answering the question, "Why has the poetic fancy shewn itself under this form as the adequate expression of the idea? why has it appeared in this particular shape and no other?"

We can imagine, nor do we take it amiss, that a host of hitherto cherished notions will revolt at such attempts. By some they may perchance be looked upon as sacrilegious, by the most as an audacity. Prof. Rötscher is himself aware of, and is prepared for, all the objections that may be made. He anticipates them in words which, we are sure, many persons feel would be their own. "Will not, then, by such a method, just the most truly poetical be made to evaporate; the tender bloom, the indescribable charm of every genuine poesy be thus brushed away by the daring hand; and that which is noblest—the sensation which the work produces in us—be quite destroyed?"

But it is not mere abstract thought which must be here employed; for this claims as its prerogative to move in unconfined space, and we have now to do with the Positive, the Particular, with that which has a defined Form. Moreover, in presence of this abstract thought the warm vitality of the Work of Art becomes rigidity and death. The inner feeling of one who, though he may be unable to account for the sense of delight which the work of genius produces in him, still views it in all its unity, and gives himself wholly up to its influence, will oppose such cold general reasoning: he "will take his stand on the Mysticism of the Heart, which cannot be outwardly imparted, but must be felt within." And this is a right we do not attempt to gainsay.

But what is the standard by which this Senti-ment judges of a work of art? or rather, we should ask, has it any standard at all? We fear not. It is not enough to feel oneself entirely possessed by the work of genius, to be lost in dumb delight at the grand creation; the mind itself even feels a longing to give this undefined sensation a definite being. "Only that which is quite individual en-locks itself in the silence of mute sensation, because it has no universal life, and at the same moment that it strives to win it, it dies. But the work of art is, however, surely not the expression of an individual sense, or an individual state of mind." And that it is not so is the very reason that the cultivated mind strives to free itself from the direct influence which the work of art exercises over it, and to effect a transition from "this state of silent feeling to expression in words." A necessity is felt to account to ourselves for the sensations we experience; and till we do this, we are like one as yet a minor; we have still some steps to make before we are emancipated from the restraint exercised over us by the contemplation of the work, and before we, in perfect independent freedom, can claim to be considered as "of age." It is, in short, the transition from our "infant" state, as the law expresses it, to that of manhood, with all its attributes and rights.

In giving ourselves up to the charm, the work, it is true, exercises its power over us in its unity: there is no development, no separation of the parts present to our mind. "It has not yet taken upon itself the hard task to seize on the Particular, and therein to recognise the Universal." The first step, therefore, which is made towards imparting the feelings which hold us in subjection, leads us inevitably to dwell upon the particular parts, to go from one admirable piece of detail to the other. This leads to comparison, and eventually even to blame. But for censure or praise we have no guide but our feeling; we sit in judgment without suspecting there are laws by which we must be bound. We therefore run the risk of pronouncing unjustly; and by a false estimation of the various parts to form a perverted opinion of the whole. "All that flatters our feelings and appears as a poetical expression of them, is set down as truly poetical; while all that wounds or is repugnant to them, is rejected as unpoetical." And in no department of art does this so often happen as in poetry; for in

architecture, sculpture, and painting, the effect of the whole is confined to a single moment, and allows no such separation of the parts.

Thus it will be seen that "the depth of feeling, as soon as it ventures forth from its reserve, falls at once into groundless delight or blame: groundless, inasmuch as it is founded only on the agreement of the object with the feeling by which it is met." And the more it endeavours to justify itself in its opinions, the more it seeks to strengthen its position by the aid of reflection, does the preposterousness of such criticism become evident.

It is thus have originated those crooked untenable and one-sided views by which so many worthy works have been and still are judged. The error being a fundamental one, the remedy must be a fundamental one also. Without it all struggling is in vain. We must begin our work over again; for by endeavouring to accommodate the incongruities of the superstructure only, absolutely nothing is to be gained.

From the preceding observations it will be seen, that he who attempts to justify by the understanding the verdict which his feelings have pronounced, will naturally, nay must inevitably, at each step he takes, precipitate the destruction of the work of art in its unity, and taken as a whole. He, therefore, is on safer ground, who, unable though he be to render an account of, or justify to himself, the delight with which the production of genius inspires him, gives himself up entirely to the charm, and uninquiringly allows it to pervade his being. We say safer, because in this case there is no risk of a distortion of the work taking place, owing to an injudicious comparison and false estimate of its several parts. Indeed, as Prof. Rötscher aptly observes, the latter position may be likened to that of one whose mind is penetrated by the doctrines of Christianity, and who, overawed by a sense of the mystery and the power divine, in the fulness of perfect faith is satisfied and content. He asks for no explanation of a single dogma; he seeks not "to vindicate the ways of God to man;" the ideal presence which pervades his soul, is notwithstanding its complexity, ever before him as a whole—as an indivisible whole. This state, although not the highest of which the human mind is capable, still satisfies the heart, and leaves it peaceful and undisturbed; nor is there a possibility, as nothing more is sought for, of going astray by pursuing a wrong path.

From the very notion that in matters of art the feeling alone is a sufficiently correct standard does it arise, that all who "have a taste" deem themselves sufficiently qualified to pronounce judgment, nor would look upon it otherwise than as an insult if told that here, as well as in every other science, a certain schooling is necessary, certain principles to be learned. Were this not the case, it would be the greatest phenomenon ever yet discovered; an astounding exception, without a parallel either in the physical or moral world, where all is consequent, where all is governed by laws, immutable, and of such import that existence even hangs upon their observance.

And those whose sense of the beautiful inclines them to admire the really fine work, and to turn unsatisfied from what is common or imperfect, thus by a sort of instinct judging rightly,—how little do they imagine that while pronouncing their opinion, untrammeled, as they may boast, by philosophic rule, it has been dictated, imperatively dictated, by laws that will be respected: that it is an effect of certain causes which, whether the mind be conscious of it or not, still have there an existence! But because the process is not seen it is thought the result is spontaneous; as false as to suppose the dew on the leaf to be spontaneous, because, forsooth, we do not behold the fusion and the separation going on in the great laboratory of nature. The mind, ethereal as it is in its nature, is not on that account beyond the sphere in which investigation may occupy itself; and though we cannot here, as is the case with the hidden workings of the created world, mark

intensity, and cause, and progress or decline, with numerical exactness, we still are not ignorant of its qualities, its powers, and its disposition.

But there are some whose views of works of art, though they have no rule to guide them, are, however, from their own peculiar individual nature, far from being destitute of merit. To them Prof. Rötscher alludes.

The point of view from which such persons regard a work he designates generally as the psychological one; poetry being that branch of art to which he here especially refers. By such he understands, not the criticism of abstract reflection, nor such as tarries in praise or blame at certain passages, "but that one which makes the living individuality the object of its observation and its investigation throughout the whole process of its life."

This method has the advantage of the others, inasmuch as it has always to do with living and organic beings, each one, moreover, being a unity—a thing complete in itself; having in itself its own life-spring, and containing too in itself its own explanation. "This occupation with the development of the character is then exceedingly attractive, and at the same time rich in results; for it follows the whole human being in the process of his life, and endeavours to reduce to a principle the various expressions and the different directions which the will of the individual takes. Here is a splendid field for activity for those who possess poetical tact in comprehending an individuality in its unity, as well as skill in observing the delicate shades of character, besides having that lively intuitive power which beholds in all this a perfect picture of the personage which has there been followed through all the various relations in which he has been placed." Tieck, Schlegel, and Mrs. Jameson are named as those who, "with the purest poetical conception," have given us the result of their interesting studies pursued in this particular manner.\*

#### FACETIE.

MR. EDITOR.—The "warm corner" of your "Varieties," where a pun, or calembour, or any other ephemera (?) of the intellect, may frisk its little hour, "beschrewing," as the lamented Hood says,

"those sad interpreters of nature,  
Who glaze her lively universal law,  
As if she had not formed our cheerful feature  
To be so tickled with the slightest straw."

must remind the flâneur about Paris of the year 1838, or thereabout, of the *risus de angulo* from a certain corner in the Café des Variétés, where the light caustic humour of the imitable Odry "was wont to set the table in a roar" with those "quips and quiddities" which so endeared him to the Parisian play-going public. There might you see him, some hours before the time of his appearing on the stage, sipping his *eau sucre*, effervescent with the sparkles of wit, like a *flacon de limonade gazeuse*; but try to count the beads in that glass of champagne, or make a rosary of them for that fair girl who sits there "in that corner," you will find these airy nothing but "wit-bubbles," as a German would say. Thodore Hook, once illustrating this difficulty of daguerreotyping the evening's amusement for the morning's reflection, told me that he would give many an hour's hard morning thinking, if he could book the *jeux de mot*, &c., of the evening before—"those fairy gifts faded away."

\* It is most gratifying to us to transcribe here the opinion expressed by Prof. Rötscher on the work of Mrs. Jameson, coinciding as we do in what he says. And although Mrs. Jameson has already received the acknowledgments she so well deserves, we are sure that it must please her, should these papers meet her eye, to read the hearty praise of such a critic as the German Philosopher. This intellectual and exquisitely sensitive woman has here, with as fine tact in regard to the detail as poetic imagination in the contemplation of the picture as a whole, treated the principal female characters of the British poet in such a manner that, in her development one really has to do with living persons; and one feels incessantly the conviction that the authoress has, with admirable versatility, entered into the very soul of the most different characters."

Of Odry, however, I recollect a pun: it is illustrative of the extraordinary readiness with which he availed himself of the "properties" about him on the stage, one of which, in this instance, was a pastry-cook's stall: he had been greeted with several rounds of applause, when, taking a cake from the aforesaid stall, he offered it to the audience, saying, "Ah! mes amis, vous avez gâteau de riz;" the concluding words of which exactly correspond in pronunciation with "Gâte Odry," O-de-ry: at the same time meaning "Here is a rice-cake for you," and "you are spoiling Odry."

*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Now we have witty advertisements in newspapers, to judge from your late extracts. Certes, when a man pays the government two shillings lawful coin of the realm for permission to joke in the journals, and editors for the printing thereof, he must be really in earnest, and is not an "unproductive" member of the community. What, I may ask, are all the advertisements of Holloway's pills, and the "bad (?) leg of ten years' standing" cured by his ointment, but practical jokes on the public, and as mischievous as practical fun mostly is? I now forward you a few more from the columns of the journals: I think I hear you say,

"Non Dili, non concessere columnæ."

A hydropathic doctor talks like one of Braidwood's fire-brigade; drowns a fever with his water-cure.

"Used at the patient's own house, at the commencement of acute diseases—such as fevers, inflammations, spasmodic diseases, children's diseases, &c. &c.; it promptly and successfully arrests their progress, and displays a wonderful analogy to the effect that water exercises in extinguishing fire."

The next quite eclipses George Robins:

"ANY LADY  
OR GENTLEMAN

wishing to possess a *Bust* (in the purest Carrara marble) of that eminent Divine, the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew, and executed by that transcendent Genius, our distinguished Countryman, Hogan, J. J. Lacy will be happy to treat with, as he has one or two which he can dispose of."

And from the following, Britannia does not seem to be ruling the waves on the Irish coast as straight as she ought; it complains also of the absenteeism of Irish peers.

"Crookhaven.—At 5 o'clock, A.M., on Saturday, 21st, wind S.E., blowing a storm, the tide rose to such an unusual height as to carry away the boats, which were hauled far above high-water mark. It washed the quays, got into the houses, and carried away a great quantity of salt out of one of Mr. Blake's storehouses—a circumstance which fully indicates the necessity of a Pier in this harbour for the preservation of property."

Another offers for sale a horse, the property of an "officer gone to the back of God speed, on detachment." There is more of jockeyism than jocularity in this; and we think the place of his destination would puzzle the Geographical Society. It will amuse you to learn that two of the journals in which the "Pillenthum" advertisements appeared originally have now transferred it from your columns.—Yours, &c.

SCREW-TATOR.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—The proprietor, Mr. Lunley, has issued a very novel and attractive programme; such are the effects of competition. He promises a new opera by Verdi, founded on the *Robbers*, by Schiller, an excellent theme; Meyerbeer to superintend the performance of his *Camp of Silesia*; and Mendelssohn Bartholdy with an opera on *Shakspeare's Tempest*, The grand card, Jenny Lind (see *Literary Gazette's* German correspondence within the last three months), has also been engaged, and will play *Miranda*; whilst Gardoni,

\* I speak theologically of the technical name for the adjunets of the scene; and would not be misunderstood as alluding to the ferocious saying of Dr. Johnson, himself a lexicographical player upon the meanings of words, "The man who'd make a pun," &c. &c.

a new and celebrated singer, is to appear as *Ferdinand*, and *Lablache* as *Prospero*, and *Staudigl* as *Caliban*. *Superchi*, baritone, and *Castellan* are also of the company; and a ballet with undiminished popular attractions is also proclaimed. Mr. Lumley will have the start of Covent Garden by several weeks; and probably there will be more exertion and better productions than have, for many years, been usual before Easter.

*St. James's Theatre*.—The new drama and new character which we announced to be in the hands of *Lemaitre*, "came off" on Saturday, under the title of *La Dame de Saint Tropez*. The piece is founded on the romantic and memorable poisoning story of Madame *Laffarge*, and is made intensely interesting by the admirable acting of M. *Lemaitre*, truly the master of his art. We can give no idea of his personation of the poisoned husband; it must be seen to be appreciated. It is a relief to us to find (here at least) that the fair female, performed by *Clarisse* with much feeling, is not the guilty party; and thus is human nature and the sex historically vindicated from the commission of so foul and atrocious a crime. At the time of the actual occurrence, our readers may remember that we had a strong leaning towards the innocence of the accused; and poor Madame *Laffarge*'s grateful and touching letter to us cannot be forgotten. It is thus that, even in the mimic scene, we enjoy a peculiar pleasure in finding her represented as a being altogether different from the monster of the French trial, whence she so hardly escaped with life for the doom of a prison. The other parts are well played; but the five acts drag rather heavily till the interest is wrought up, as we have noticed, in the principal part; then it is truly astonishing.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! the deep midnight-hour—the year is gone,  
Pass'd from his hand, his sceptre, and his throne.  
Shall man propitiate Fate,  
To know what fortunes wait,  
On the commencing reign?  
What pleasure and what pain?

Sorrow or joy? Shall mortals smile or groan?  
Vain wish! vain wish! why should he crave  
Into Future's dark cave

To pry? Let him enjoy the good, the evil brave!  
Nor seek the problem to decide,  
Why ever yawns the grave so wide

For age, fresh youth, and beauty in her pride.  
Viewless and silent, Time flies on;

A dazzling meteor's gleam;  
A lightning flash, just seen and gone;

The fleet shade of a dream.

And age is the close of a chequer'd tale  
Of grief and joy, of smiles and tears,

Of bright and gloomy skies,

A record of the hopes and fears

Life's troubled hour supplies.

Alas, how sad a cycle to review!

How dark the vale he still must travel through!  
Say, son of earth, where now is gone

That godlike form we look'd upon?

Where now the flashes of that eye?

That death and ruin dar'd defy?

Lo! where he stands,  
With trembling hands,

In second childhood, bending o'er the tomb,  
Waiting his last inevitable doom,

That launches his frail bark upon the sea

And shoreless waves of dread Eternity.

Hence, mournful Muse! no more I'll hear

Thy doleful strains: the new-born year

Comes jocund forth, and from his wings

A shower of blushing roses flings.

Bright-eyed Joy, and laughing Pleasure,

Friendship, mortals' choicest treasure,

Hand in hand with Peace and Love,

Descend from heaven above,

And in their train appear.

Lo! on the distant margin of the sky

Rises a star unknown to sage's eye.

Say, Muse prophetic! doth its kindled flame

Shine forth a second advent to proclaim?

Shall men like brothers live, and nations cease

To read the bands of fellowship and peace?

No more from afar

The drum of war

Sound its dire note:

The brazen throat

Of trumpet, calling to the deadly strife

And clang of arms, be hush'd: no widow'd wife,

Nor maiden, drop a tear  
On the warrior's bier;  
But on the dandled green  
Be youths and maidens seen  
Threading the danc'd; while age, with reverend mien,  
Looks on the scene, and lives his youth again!  
Chain'd down by Discord, never to arise;  
And Peace, the loveliest daughter of the skies,  
Plant her green olive-branch on ev'ry sanguin'd plain.  
Vision of bliss! ethereal Fancy's theme!  
Shall years unbore yet realise the dream?  
And as the seasons glide away,  
Bringing around this nat'ral day,  
When smiling friends to friends reveal  
The sympathies their bosoms feel,  
Shall music's voice,  
Hymning, Rejoice! rejoice!  
Salute the dawning of the new-born year,  
From angels' lips descending to earth's sphere  
(As to the ark return'd the dove),  
Once more proclaiming peace and love?  
Till then the torch of Hope a beacon shine  
To guide the vessel to its port divine;  
Blow, gentle, balmy breezes! blow,  
And haleyon days bestow,  
Till life's wave ferried o'er  
Upon a happier shore  
We land—no more to meet the buffettings of Fate,  
But with the virtuous and the truly great  
To taste those pleasures treasur'd for the wise,  
By Heaven bestow'd, immortal in the skies.

1st January, 1847.

A. T. T.

it stated (especially after what we said of Southampton last week), it has started a little periodical Magazine of its own; for No. I. of which we have to thank the donor. It is solidly written, and addresses itself to the dissemination of the best principles—such as the education of the people, the cessation of wars, the abolition of slavery, the abridgment of labour-hours, &c. Its views respecting the new planet are limited, and do not do justice to Messrs. Adams and Challis, who are not even named in the article. The commencement of a paper on Education, from the German, and apparently to develop the important German movements in this line, by Mr. Egestorff, the able translator of Klopstock's *Messiah*, promises to possess valuable information and consequent interest.

*Mr. H. M. Cooper, jun.*—In the obituary of the week we observe the name of this artist, at Swindon, on Monday last. And, last week,

*Lady Mary Shepherd*, so well known, and for so long a period, in the higher literary circles, both by her mixing much in their society, and by her writings, of a more learned and metaphysical nature than is common with the sex, departed life on the 7th, at a good old age.

*William Youatt*, the veterinary surgeon, and author of several publications connected with his profession, died recently by his own act, in a fit of temporary aberration of mind. He was in his 71st year when this melancholy event took place.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

##### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Classified Catalogue of London Periodicals, Law Reports, and Newspapers, Transactions of various Societies, &c., on a large folio sheet, 1s.—McCulloch's Descriptive and Statistical Account of the British Empire, 2 vols. 8vo, 3d edition, 2l. 2s.—Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Stomach, by James Alderson, M.D., 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Trevor; or, the New St. Francis, a Tale for the Times, 1cp. 6s.—Murgeau's French Grammar and Conversation, 2d edit. 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Synopsis of Criticisms on the Old Testament, &c., by R. A. P. Barrett, M.A., Vol. I., Part 1, 8vo, 14s.—Rankine's Reformation in Germany, translated by Sarah Austin, Vol. III. 8vo, 18s.—Hook's Five Sermons, 3d edit. 3p. 3s.—Gothic Ornaments drawn from existing Authorities, by J. K. Colling, Architect, Part I., 40, sewed, 21s.—One Hundred Sermons, &c., by Wesleyan Ministers, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Buck's Theological Dictionary, by Henderson, 8vo, reduced to 10s.—Letters on the Condition of the People of Ireland, by T. C. Foster, 8vo, 2d edit. 12s.—Florentine Tales, with Modern Illustrations, 12mo, 6s.—Leading Cases on Pleading with Notes, by W. Finlayson, Esq., royal 8vo, 12s.—Battle of Nibley Green, by J. B. Hinton, 1cp. 6s.—Laure's British and Foreign Shore-Tables, 12mo, 12s.—Smith's Truth as revealed, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Short Prayers for every Day in our Ecclesiastical Year, by a Layman, Vol. II. 1cp. 5s.—2 vols. 10s.—Macredie's Life Assurance, &c., 3s.—Sheriff-Law, by G. Atkinson, 2d edit. 10s.—Reflections suggested by the Career of the late Premier, 8vo, 4s.—The Autobiography of Goethe, by P. Goodwin, 2 vols. post 8vo, 7s.—The Early Jesuit Missions in North America, by W. J. Kip, 2 vols. post 8vo, 7s.—The Pulpit, Vol. L., 6s.—Willan's Country Scenes and Subjects, illustrated, 1cp. 6s.—The Globes, Celestial and Terrestrial, by A. De Morgan, 2d edit. 8vo, 5s.—Routh's Reliquary Sacra, 4 vols. 8vo, 2d. edit. 2l. 2s.—Architectural Description of St. Leonard's Church, Kirkstead, vol. sewed, 10s.—Sievler's Sculpture Illustrations, small fol. 12s.—Trollope's Questions and Answers to 39 Articles, 18mo, 3s. 6d.—The Clergyman's Companion for 1847, royal 8vo, 2s. 6d.—Watson's Devout Churchman, post 8vo, Vol. I., 7s. 6d.—Rev. G. W. Woodward's Practical Sermons, Vol. II., post 8vo, 6s.—Hook's Verses for Holy Seasons, 2d edit. 5s.—Decimal Dividend Tables, by D. Ailester, W.S., post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Knitted Stockings and Sock-Book, sewed, 8d.—Alison's Europe, Vol. II., post 8vo, 6s.—History of the French Revolution (Select Library), 5s.

S. S. S.

#### VARIETIES.

*The Society of Arts* is said to be contemplating an Annual Exhibition of a kind no less novel than useful. It is proposed to bring together and exhibit, in the great room of the Society, the pictures of some one eminent living artist of the English school: to make a charge for the exhibition, and to apply the profits to the purchase of a painting by the artist of the year, to be given to the National Gallery. The picture to be an express commission.—Correspondent.

*New Mode of Surgical Operations*.—Mr. Charles Guthrie, the surgeon, skilfully performed the operation of lithotomy with perfect success on Wednesday, at the Ophthalmic Hospital, on a male patient, aged twenty-five. He extracted a rough stone, larger than a hazel-nut, whilst the sufferer was in a condition of complete insensibility, his pulse unvarying, and his memory, on awakening from his trance, as of a pleasant dream, during which he had visited his native village in Norfolk!

*The Dover Magazine*.—To the credit of Dover be

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.  
[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* The Monthly Part of the *Literary Gazette* for January, consisting of Five Nos., will be ready for delivery with the Magazines. Subscribers desirous of beginning with the present year, and who amid the movements incident to this period may have neglected to get their weekly numbers regularly, have thus an opportunity to complete their sets and secure their annual volume. Early orders, through their booksellers or news-vendors, will oblige the publisher.

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